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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.—No. III.

[Further extracts from the correspondence of Rev. Mr Huntington.]

ROCHESTER, May 3, 1837.

Leaving Syracuse, as I expected, and apprised you under date of the first inst.—Monday, P. M. at 4 o'clock, I proceeded on board the line-boat Splendid to Weedsport, where I landed and took a bed at 2 o'clock the next morning; and after breakfast, took the stage coach for Auburn, 8 or 9 miles distant. * * * As the mail stage was the first to leave Auburn after my arrival there, but was not to go till 1 P. M., I had time to visit the far-famed prison here. It is built of a dark colored lime-stone, surrounded with high, thick walls, which enclose a space of 5 acres. The work shops are situated all around the premises, within the walls, from which they are separated by a narrow, dark wall, through which the visiters are conducted. There are many slits and loop-holes cut in the wooden partition which separates the walk from the workshops, which enable visiters and keepers to see the prisoners without being seen by them, and even without their presence being suspected. This prevents the interruption of their labors. The countenances of some of the convicts were interesting, and the expression bland and benevolent. They all wear a woollen stuff through the cool seasons—whitish, with a narrow stripe of blue or black, resembling bed ticking—caps of the same. Some of the more trust-worthy, such for instance as have but a few weeks longer to stay, are employed about the house, in menial offices. One of the wings of the prison is occupied on 3 sides with cells, in which the convicts are locked at night; there are 5 dungeons in the centre, which, however, are but seldom used There are 52 cells on one side—58 on another, and 17 at the end; 5 tiers in height. When the prisoners are about to retire for the night, they are marched through a hall near the kitchen, where each takes up, as he passes, a wooden piggin, in which is a quantity of mush and molasses, for his supper; and as he enters his cell, the latch is so constructed, that as he pulls the door after him, he locks himself in. The turn-key then goes around and locks every door; and not satisfied with this, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' he passes round a second time, when the prisoner must push hard against the door, and the turn-key again examines the bolt. Of the 665 prisoners now confined here, only 18 are females. Of the various workshops I noticed one for making tools, where a small steam engine was at work —another, for making shoes and boots—another for weaving cloth—another for spinning yarn —besides a machine shop—a very large cooper's shop, &c. Some of the richest hearth-rugs and carpets I ever saw were here making. This shop we were permited to enter, and examine the fabrics. The weaving of these carpets is altogether regulated by machinery fixed over the weaver's head; who has his several shuttles of differently colored yarn lying by him, and when the bell above tinkles, in obedience to the clock-work, the weaver changes his shuttle, and the complicated web goes on. In every shop—that is, in every distinct gang of workmen—there is employed a workman, not of the convicts, to inspect, instruct and assist the laborers; and an officer to attend solely to their behavior; i. e.—when necessary to inflict discipline. This is done by means of a cat, or, in severer cases, a raw-hide. When about to receive chastisement, the convict bares his shoulders to the skin. Punishment is inflicted in presence of the whole gang, that others may be deterred by the example. The master has no arms of any kind at hand; nor does he need them; for, in cases of resistance, there are enough who are well disposed, to support his authority. 'Hateful and hating one another,' nothing appears to give them greater delight, it is said, than to see one of their number subjected to punishment. Their accusations of one another are never received; if they were, there would be no end to crimination. I have seen some schools, where the morals of the members were such, that a style of discipline had to be adopted, not altogether unlike this of the Auburn State Prison. I wish that they might be informed how convicts are governed in the N. Y. State Prison; and induced to rise above the sordid motives of the fear of punishment, to that of *doing right, because it is right.*

The cells are so constructed, that even a whisper, or a tick on the wall is said to be heard at the other end of the building. The guard at night wears woollen or leather socks instead of shoes, so that he is able to approach the cell where he hears a noise, without being himself heard, and post himself close to the door without being seen. A while ago, they had an ingenious artist here of the name of Peabody, convicted of counterfeiting, who, whilst in prison, engraved on copper a map of the town of Auburn, the prison, and a profile of the Grand Canal; and maps from the plate, enclosed in neat transparent horn lids, are sold in the comb manufactory for six York shillings each.—This artist, I am told, engraved the plate for the notes of the Mohawk Bank. He was condemned to imprisonment for 10 years; but was pardoned and let go within a much less term. In the yard, we were shown a miniature ship some 6 feet in length, the masts perhaps 15 feet at highest from the ground, completely rigged some years ago by a convict, who was insane, and who is now at a mad-house in New York, I think. Upon the shrouds, and perched here and there upon the rigging, are the figures of men, birds and beasts, cut by him out of wood.

It was half past 11, when we passed through the prison dining-hall, and the cooks were then serving up the dinner, which was to be eaten at twelve. The meats and vegetables appeared to have been put upon the table cold.—The soup, about a pint to each person, was now being poured out, hot—but likely to become as cold as the rest of their allowance, before it would be eaten. Besides this, the dinner consisted of a substantial, thick slice of boiled salt-pork to each; a square piece of unbolted wheat bread, about the size and thickness of a man's hand; and from one to three potatoes, according to the size. Of the supper, I have already spoken, and I was told that the breakfast was the same as the supper. Sometimes they have corned beef, instead of pork, but never fresh meat. There is a physician belonging to the town, who visits the prison once a day,—oftener if necessary. Every cell is furnished with a bible, and the chaplain visits at their cells and instructs those that particularly desire it, but there are no public morning and evening devotions. Divine service is performed on the Sabbath in the chapel; and there is a Sunday school; at both of which, all that are not sick are required to be present. To my inquiry whether the moral and religious influence here was considerable, the reply was in the negative. The majority of the convicts are governed only, or at least mainly, by the fear of punishment.

The man who combats himself will be happier than than he who contends with others.

Extract from 'Views of Duty adapted to the Times. A Sermon preached at Portsmouth, N. H. May 14th, 1837. By Andrew P. Peabody.

And, first, I would have you confide in the productive industry of a free and energetic people. Value is the creation of labor. The broad sea of national wealth derives its fullness and increase from the rills of individual industry; and, however hard the pressure, however sad the aspect of peculiar times may be, an industrious nation is all the while growing richer. A vast amount of value is annually created by our mechanics, manufacturers, and agriculturists, and is still in the process of creation by millions, who till their own ground and work with their own tools, and whom overturns in the great world cannot therefore throw out of employment. The number of these sure contributors to the general stock is rapidly increasing, both by the natural growth of our population, and by the progress of those great moral reforms, that are replacing idle and worthless by diligent and thrifty citizens. The property thus created, even at depreciated prices, must shortly by its very quantity restore the deficit in nominal value, which the reduction of prices has caused. Credit, in order to be sound, must be based on property. The excessive credit of recent times has indeed shot up without a sufficiently solid basis, like the islands that have suddenly sprung into being in mid ocean; but our sober, quiet farmers and artisans are constructing, as fast as they can, a foundation for the tottering fabric, just as the coral insects beneath the wave are laying deep and firm the sunless bases of those same newborn islands. Thus, while distrust is demolishing the flimsy outworks, the sky embracing towers and pillarless porches of the huge edifice, industry is hewing and placing its corner stone, and propping its walls with piles of solid masonry. Of the increasing national wealth, every operative member of the body politic must receive his share, and realize a proportionate advantage. It is not therefore without just expectation of increased ability, that the honest and worthy debtor is constrained to say, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.'

Again, I would bid you confide in each other's rectitude and honor. Men in general are not knaves. Most men are honest,—some from policy, more from right natural impulses, many from an inward principle too firm for storms of fortune to shake. The proportion of really untrustworthy members of the community is very small. And now, with the vast majority of those, who throughout our land are crying, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all,' the promise is as sincere as the petition. Nor is the promise merely sincere, but earnest, wholehearted, energetic. Those who make it, mean to pay, and to pay all. This they cannot do, if seized by the throat, and arrested in labor or in enterprize. But, if the opportunity be left them, if they be forborne with and indulged, the will to pay will create the ability, and the merciful creditor will receive the uttermost farthing.

In our own little community, let each confide in the good faith and fair promises of every fellow-citizen, who has in time past proved himself a man of his word; and all may be safe,—we may be spared the dread convulsions, which have shaken the larger emporiums of commerce. But let any one violate this confidence in those who deserve it, and, no matter how firm his mountain now stands, he will soon rue the hour, when he put his hand on his brother's throat; for an equally merciless hand will fasten upon his own. We all are creditors; we all are debtors. Let us trust, and forbear. Let us present an unbroken phalanx against the pressure of the times; and the confidence, which we repose in each other's integrity, we shall ere long look back upon with gratitude as the raft, on which we rode out the gale, which foundered many a gallant ship.

May I not add the exhortation to confidence particularly and emphatically in the honor of the mercantile community? It is they who have to bear the brunt of every storm. It is upon them, that the pressure first falls, and only through them, upon the public at large. And often would they bear it alone, and throw off the burden without its being felt by others, if their brethren would only have faith in their well tried rectitude and ability, and would listen to their demand, 'Have patience with us, and we will pay all.' The mercantile profession deserves well of humanity. The name of a merchant is an honorable name. The merchant's general standard of probity and generosity is a high one. There are indeed exceptions to this remark; but exceptions of the kind that prove the rule. For, when the pure escutcheon of commerce is blackened by a stain of villany, the intense and universal surprise, alarm and indignation, which it excites, attest at once the rareness of the instance, and the integrity of the profession, in which it occurs. Nor is it a baseless claim, which, in a period of distress, merchants proffer on the general forbearance and confidence. Theirs is a claim less of favor, than of debt,—of a debt, by which they are never slow in binding their fellow-citizens during the palmy days of their prosperity. For who bear so large a proportion as they of the public burdens? Who so ready as they to aid in every enterprise for the common good? Go to the trustees of our great public charities, our hospitals, our asylums for the blind, the dumb, the insane,—peruse the list of their endowments and benefactions; and, with hardly an exception, against every truly liberal donation you will read a merchant's name. It is the earnings of commerce, that have erected our academies, our colleges, our seminaries of sacred learning; and, were our ancient and immensely wealthy university summoned to yield what she has received through the munificence of merchants, there is hardly an alcove in her library, which would not be emptied,—hardly a building on her grounds, which would not be demolished,—hardly a chair of instruction in her halls, which would not be vacated. The class, to which the community are thus largely indebted, may certainly proffer in the day of their adversity a most righteous claim on the sympathy, the sustaining suffrages and the ready trust of their fellow-citizens. So long as they are fair and open in their dealings, so long as they merit the honest fame they bear, let the shoulders of the whole community be stooped to their burden,—let them be supported by the capital of the retired and the industry of the active,—let them be borne through the billows by the strong arms of public confidence. Then all is safe. But, if they fall, they fall not alone,—they bury in their own ruin shattered capital and crippled industry.

The knowledge of Holy Scripture is a great, large, and high place: but the door is very low, so that the high and arrogant man cannot run in; but he must stoop low, and humble himself, that shall enter into it.—*St. Augustine.*

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

NEW ORLEANS, *April* 26, 1837.

To the Editor of the Christian Watchman.—

Dear sir,—With the city of New Orleans, there are associated so many vague and indistinct ideas of all that is vile and sinful, that it may not be uninteresting to your readers, to give them an account of a Sabbath School celebration, which took place in this city last Sabbath, and although we cannot boast of that numerical strength, which you in your good city of Boston can, yet it will serve to show that the vital spark of piety in this city is not entirely extinct, but that its flame, although small, is yet brilliant and glowing.

On the afternoon of last Sabbath, all the schools in the city, assembled in a body with their teachers, (consisting of from four to five hundred children,) in the Presbyterian church: the services commenced with the singing of a hymn by the children, after which they were addressed by Mr Shepard, the Agent of the American Sunday School Union, who occupied their attention for nearly two hours in an address, which, for masterly eloquence, rich and glowing language, combined with the interest of the occasion, I never heard equalled; the address was interspersed with interrogatories to the children, whose prompt and correct answers added much to the interest of the occasion. He was followed by the Rev. Joel Parker, who, in a forcible and impressive manner, urged upon his hearers, the importance of Sabbath schools; three years ago, he said it would have been impossible to collect together an audience like the present, but he feared that the interesting sight they now beheld, would create the impression that the work was in a great measure accomplished, and that further action was unnecessary, but the work is but just begun, self-denying effort, untiring zeal, and the blessing of Almighty God would only accomplish the object.

It was truly a proud day for New Orleans, being the first general 'turn out' of the Sabbath school, that ever took place in this city, and well may this Christian community be encouraged to go on and sustain this glorious work. This city has too long been enslaved to Popish bigotry; the gorgeous car of papal Rome has too long rolled through this city in stately grandeur, unmolested and undisturbed, crushing in its onward course all that is good and lovely, and leaving in its track, all that is vile and licentious. If the friends of Popery, and those who believe there is no danger to be apprehended from the dissemination of their doctrines, could but see their principles as they are displayed in this city, they would soon give up such fallacious notions. Here the Catholic religion is predominant, and here are its horrid accompaniments, the Sabbath desecrated by military parades, public celebrations, the theatres open, and business going on, and God himself openly and unblushingly insulted. There can be no surer or more correct criterion whereby to judge of the moral character of a people, than the manner in which they regard the Sabbath, and here the Sabbath, as differing from other days, is hardly known by the great mass of the people, except it be as a public holiday, a day of revelry, of feasting, sporting, and dissipation in every form, and this is under the direct, open, and avowed sanction of the Catholic Church.

There are in this city six Protestant Churches. One Presbyterian, two Methodist, two Episcopalian, and one Unitarian, one of the Methodist churches is now building, and not yet occupied, another Presbyterian church is now in active contemplation.

It is a strange fact that not twenty Baptists can be found in the whole city. Within the last four months, three new Sabbath schools have been commenced, and the prospect before us is brightening. The state of religion in the Churches, is not so flattering as could be wished, although it is far from being discouraging.

Yours, &c. J. C. P.

Seriousness is the best wisdom; temperance the best physic; and a good conscience the best estate.—*Sir John Mason.*

We have several times been asked for information in regard to the labors of the *Moravians.* The following sketch of their deeply interesting and romantic history is copied from the Southern Religious Telegraph.

CHARACTER AND LABORS OF THE MORAVIANS.

In the year 1722, a company of ten poor exiles, commenced a settlement upon a naked, barren spot in Saxony. They were Bohemians by birth, and descended from a noble race of men. A race ennobled not by princely blood, but by those virtues which give true nobility to human nature—patient under suffering, persevering and conscientious in the right, and daring, where resistance was necessary and proper. They were for centuries an oppressed and afflicted race. At one time subjected to the systematic tortures which Popish priests inflict; at another time with pitch forks and other like weapons, battling the trained legions sent against them by the servants of the Pope. The story of this people covers one of the darkest as well as one of the brightest pages of history. Dark, as it exhibits the intolerance and cold blooded cruelty of the Roman Pontiff, and his creatures the Emperors of Germany, as it exhibits the extremity of human misery and woe, in the persons of humble, unoffending christians. But bright, as it exhibits the patience and the heroism of the sufferers, and their readiness in defence of their consciences, to lay down their lives at the stake or on the battle field. Here, we find recorded, that the cruelty of the Pope and the power of the Emperor, though exerted for ages, could not extinguish the flame which the Gospel had kindled in the hearts of the Bohemian peasantry. Here we find recorded, that amidst the fires of persecution, and through the darkest ages of the Christian era, a race of peasants, feudal serfs, preserved the great doctrines of the Gospel in almost primitive purity. Here we find recorded the names of the illustrious martyrs, John Huss and Jerome of Prague.

The small company above spoken of, having found a home in which their persons were protected, and liberty was given to worship God according to their consciences, invited their friends to follow. Many soon joined their ranks and their numbers rapidly increased. Being at liberty now publicly to profess the doctrines they believed and to worship according to the forms they preferred, they immediately formed themselves into a Church, with the distinctive name of '*unitas fratrum,*' or 'united brethren.' They are more commonly known as Moravians.

This denomination of Christians has acted a part, worthy the race from which they sprung, as well as of the cause which they profess. They have gained for themselves a glorious distinction in the christian church; for they constitute the only society of christians which has lived for the conversion of the world. Since the year 1727, when the rules of administration in their society were drawn up and agreed to, no schism in doctrine has disturbed their harmony. Whilst other denominations of christians have been splitting into factions, and warring with each other, about modes and forms of worship, and speculative points in theology; this little band have been truly united brethren, and well worthy of the name assumed by their fathers in the seventh century, brethren of the law of Christ—brethren firmly united, in love and labor, obeying the last great command of their crucified Redeemer. They have neither contended among themselves, nor with others. But with the arms of their charity embracing all christians as brethren, they have been moving forward steadily and unitedly, with undiverted aim, towards the one great object, the conversion of the world.

Neither the wars of opinion, nor the wars of potentates and powers, have been able to divert them from their purpose. They never courted the world. They moved in an under current, unaffected by the storms which agitated the surface. They never sought after wealth and honor. Their congregations were never broken up, and their members scattered to the four winds, in eager pursuit after worldly objects. They never indulged a proselyting spirit, but being conscientious and honest themselves, they supposed that all others were so also. All the various causes which distract christian communities, which damp christian ardor and zeal, have not existed at all or to a very slight extent in their communities.

They alone seem to have possessed in the cause of Christ, the wisdom of the children of this world. During the century just past, and up to the present moment, a period distinguished for its wars and revolutions, for the fierce contests of opinions, and for the active development of human energies, this people have been attentive observers. But they have watched the rise and fall of kingdoms, conquests, and colonizations, and the opening of new channels of commerce, only as they affected missionary enterprise. And wherever there seemed to be an opening for making known to benighted heathen, the glad news of salvation, men were not wanting to undertake the work.

One would suppose that those first exiles, who had sacrificed much for liberty of conscience, and who now felt that they were in possession of that for which their fathers had bled and died, would be completely satisfied with the religious privileges and enjoyments, which Providence had afforded them. But they conferred not with flesh and blood. They seemed to have no idea of christians living for themselves. And in ten years from the time when the first stroke of the axe was heard upon the site of their asylum and home, they sent out missionaries to the heathen. It is interesting, it is animating to see the power of christian benevolence as exhibited by this people, who had exiled themselves for their religion, and who when they had obtained that which was dearer to them than their native land, when their hearths were just warmed, and the comforts of home gathering around them, it is animating to see them take up their cross to go to heathen lands, there to labor and die. Our admiration will be heightened, when we reflect, how little at that time the world knew of christian obligation, and christian benevolence. And it will be still farther heightened, when we consider who were the people, that called forth their sympathies, and their self-denial.

The slaves of the West Indies, and the miserable inhabitants of Greenland, first called forth their christian benevolence. When told that such was the rigorous servitude of the slaves that no one could have an opportunity of instructing them, but a slave who labored with them, two of their number promptly offered to sell themselves as slaves. Has ever the example of our blessed Redeemer, been so literally followed? When asked by an officer of the Danish Government, who was charmed with the simplicity and devotedness of those who offered themselves as missionaries to Greenland, how they proposed to live, 'They would build a house and cultivate the land, that they might not be burdensome to any.' They were told there was no wood to build with. Such a fact was appalling, but it could not shake the resolution of these devoted men. Then we will 'dig in the earth and lodge there.' They sought no genial clime, no easy, honorable employment, but to preach the Gospel to the poor, to bind up the broken heart of the slave and make him the freedman of the Lord, and to melt and warm and christianize the frozen heart of the Greenlander. These were the objects to which they had devoted themselves, and no prospect of suffering or humiliating labor, could weaken their faith or shake their purpose.

If a map of the world could be drawn, faithfully representing the labors of Moravian Missionaries, it would present such a picture, as for moral sublimity, could not be equalled. Here is a small village of 600 inhabitants—all poor exiles. You see issuing from this, the missionary, without purse or scrip, well versed in the Bible, but ignorant of all other learning. The world, if it notices him, calls him fool and lunatic. He passes on and is forgotten. You see him on the ocean as calm under the insults of the sailors, as when the ocean threatens to engulph them. And when inevitable death seems to await them, their songs are heard above the roaring of the billows. You see them on the ice bound coast of Greenland, contending with perpetual winter, suffering hunger and cold, preaching to a race who mock them, shewing kindness to a people in whose breasts no kindly feelings glow. You see them braving the snows of Labrador, in the huts of the Esquimaux, a people fierce and faithless—with whom no foreigner had ever been safe for a moment.

They follow in the steps of our own Brainerd —cast their lots with the wandering Indian, and share his varied fortune. Amidst the swamps of South America, whose pestilential effluvia is almost certain death, you find the Missionary toiling. Amongst the bands of out-law slaves, as fierce as the lion of their own wilds—who like the sons of Ishmael were against every man, and every man against them, you hear them proclaiming a Savior that died, whose law is love, and whose reward is life beyond the grave. The filthy Hottentot is not beneath their notice or their love. They stoop to lift him from the mire, and place him on the rock of salvation.

You find the Moravian in the mountains of Caucasus, and with the Calmuc horde, in the farthest East, you see him spend wearisome years and sicken and die.

The negroes of Guinea, the slaves of Algiers, at a time when Algiers preyed upon the nations —the savage inhabitants of the mountains of Persia—but it is useless to enumerate—wherever there was a people more degraded, or stupid, or savage than others of the human race, these have excited their deepest sympathies, and called forth their self-denying labors.

Rarely has it been known, that any of these devoted Missionaries have given up an enterprise in despair. They have crossed continents; oceans and the pathless wilderness with its savage inhabitants, have had no terrors to them. They have suffered shipwreck and robbery, and again returned to the charge. Year after year have they waited at the barriers which nations draw around them, and knocked for admittance. No repulse, however harsh or cruel, could discourage them, until death or repeated trials convinced them of the utter impossibility of success. Full of the spirit of their Master, their love never cooled.—Difficulties and dangers, seemed only to add strength to their faith and buoyancy to their spirits. Souls were perishing—this overcame sloth, banished despondency, and imparted an energy and a power of endurance, before which, the strongest fortresses in Satan's empire have fallen.

The character of the people amongst whom they have labored, and the success which has crowned their efforts, furnish the best evidences of the strength of the Spirit which actuated them.

The Greenlander they found destitute of natural affection—cold selfishness reigned in his soul, and his whole character, moral and intellectual, was as unamiable and repulsive as the frozen and barren land he inhabited. Now his soul is melted—love and gratitude burn in his bosom, and the christian graces, in all their loveliness and beauty cheer the long night of his dreary winter. His mind has been taught to grasp at eternity.

The Hottentot has been roused from his beastly stupidity, and rejoices now in the 'Fountain of life issuing from Emanuel's opened veins.'

Thousands of broken-hearted slaves, through their instrumentality, have experienced the efficacy of the balm of Gilead, and the skill of the great Physician, and now rejoice in that Providence which made them bondmen, only that they might become sons of God and heirs of glory.

Their success as well as their efforts have been almost incredible. Huudreds of thousands of the most wretched inhabitants of our Globe, have been subdued and christianized by their efforts. This would be a matter of unceasing wonder, did we not know, the power of the weapon, with which they warred.

This little band of Christians, who do not at this time, probably amount to more than 20,000 in all civilized lands, have done more for the cause of Missions, than the whole world besides. When they commenced the enterprise, the world was comparatively dark. Even christians could scarcely realize the loftiness and purity of the motives from which they acted. In almost every country which they visited, they were accused of vile intentions. In our own favored land, the singularity of their lives, rendered them objects of jealousy. They were brought before council and courts, imprisoned, and threatened by infuriated mobs, who thirsted for their blood. They were driven from country to country, and found the European, and the nominal christian even more hostile than the savage. No newspapers blazoned them abroad, as self-sacrificing philanthropists—no distant sound of applause reached their ears.

A distinguished periodical of our country has said 'Had the rest of the Protestant world been 'equally active and equally successful with the Moravians since the year 1732, the night of Paganism would now be passed.' The wealth, and power, and numbers of the christian world has been with other denominations. Had they been active and successful in proportion to their means, there would now be in the field 600,000 Missionaries, who would have under their care more than 200,000,000 of converts. In other words, there would be no nation nor family under heaven, ignorant of the gospel salvation.

The Lord in his providence, has conferred upon this people a peculiar honor. The peasants of Bohemia, contended for ages through persecution and blood, for the purity of the faith—at a time when the rest of Europe were enslaved by the man of sin. Their descendants he has chosen to march in the van of his conquering hosts. Like the Apostles of old, they were simple, unlettered men. But the spirit of the Lord had breathed upon them, they felt the power of obligation, they saw the danger, but they appreciated the honor, their souls comprehended something of the vastness and glory of the enterprise, and they shrunk not from the post of honor and of danger.

In their hands, the Lord has convinced the world, that 'Christ and his Cross' is an all-conquering weapon—and that the world is to be brought into subjection to the sceptre of Peace, 'not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord.'

[From the Sabbath School Visiter.]

THE YOUTHFUL WARRIORS.

In ancient times a warrior stood preparing himself for battle. The first dawning of day shed a faint light on his gilded armor, and but feebly illumined a spacious apartment. Few of the Carthagenians had awoke from their slumbers; but there was one,—a youth scarce nine years of age,—who had passed a sleepless night. Bright visions of future glory filled his brain, and morning's earliest dawn found him prostrate at the feet of the warrior, beseeching that he might accompany him to a far distant field of battle! It was the warrior's son—and his favorite. He gazed upon him earnestly, and he saw bravery, decision, and revenge depicted in his countenance, and ever and anon he heard the earnest, thrilling request, 'My father, may I go?' The father yielded, after he had taken him to the 'altar of Moloch,' and heard him swear that he would be the eternal enemy of the Romans!

This youth was victorious. His name became a terror to the whole Roman army, and his deeds of valor filled all Carthage with rejoicing. Thousands of voices chanted his praises, and he seemed great as their gods. But changes will come. The warrior, who had carried his army over the untrodden Alps, saw that the sun of his glory was about sitting in darkness. Dejected, he retired to his home; but how changed were his countrymen! How fickle is man! Coldness and distrust had succeeded idolatry and confidence; and many years after, Hannibal, that great general, was poisoned, far away from the country he had fought to redeem!

In modern times I saw a youth in conversation with his father. He too had passed a sleepless night; but his countenance seemed calm, though decided. Visions of future glory had filled his thought; but it was glory of a celestial kind. 'My father, shall I go?' His father yielded, and he bowed himself at the altar of the Great I AM, and vowed to be the friend of man, and the eternal enemy of sin. He joined himself to an army of warriors, whose leader was Jesus of Nazareth. Many were the battles they fought, and many the victories they gained over the ridicule of scoffers, and the enemies within their own hearts! Angel voices chanted praises of his deeds of benevolence and love. The widow's heart sang for joy, and the famished orphan was fed by his bounty. His kindness softened hearts which had been harder than Alpine rocks, and his offers of salvation found their way to the soul, through avenues untrodden as Alpine passes. But a change comes over him. His sun goes down 'not behind the darkened west, but melts away into the light of Heaven.' His body was embalmed with the tears of friends, and his funeral dirge was the moaning of those he had relieved. Reader, which think you God looks upon with the most pleasure; Hannibal, the conqueror of armies, or this Christian philanthropist, the conqueror of sin?

HAPPY MOMENTS.

There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long, sad night, and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some mild air
Of distant music, when we know not where,
Or whence the sounds are brought from, and their pow'r,
Though brief, is boundless.

HALLECK.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A WORD TO NON-COMMUNICANTS.

Amid the many cheering tokens of religious growth and progress in the community, it is indeed as much matter of surprise as regret that we find christians so unwilling to draw around the table of their Lord and Master. As each revolving month brings around the observance of this ordinance; when the religious services of the morning have closed, and the invitation to communicants has been made, how great indeed is the number of those (among whom we doubt not are some sincere Christians) who turn thoughtlessly away from the precious memorials spread out before them!—And how few alas the guests that remain! We have been indeed of late much struck with the paucity of Communicants in many of our Churches, when contrasted with the number of worshippers. There must indeed be some error here. Let us examine into it. Is it to be attributed to any lack of Christian fervor or zeal on the part of their *Pastors*?—or to any erroneous notions respecting the *nature*, *design*, or *obligations* of the ordinance? We would not be so uncharitable as to place *all* the difficulty to the account of the former, though we must be allowed to place a *part*. For the Minister's responsibility, as the Servant of Christ, in this particular is indeed great. He is, by his preaching and in his pastoral walks, to root out all false impressions existing among his people respecting the ordinance, and uphold and set forth its claims in a most clear and forcible light. And we do not deem the number of communicants in a church, a too severe standard of its Pastor's success in his holy calling. But it is rather the *erroneous notions* so prevalent abroad respecting this christian ordinance, that have deterred so many from its participation. Let us examine some of these, and endeavor, if possible, to remove them. There are some perhaps who may doubt the *validity* of the ordinance—who conscientiously suppose that our Savior *enjoined it* upon his *immediate* disciples only. Our limits will not permit us to enter into the full discussion of this question. But, in proof of its validity, we would briefly point such unbelievers to the fact of its *universal* practice by the Christian world, since its first establishment; especially in the early ages of the Church, as particularly enjoined by the Apostles, and first preachers of Christianity. The testimony of *Paul* is full to this effect. In one of his Epistles to the Corinthians, he says, that Jesus himself taught him the mode and design of the Ordinance. 'I have received,' says he, 'of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you.' Our Savior, too, gives us to understand that his institution is to be binding upon *all* his future disciples, from his own language at the Last Supper, when, after having taken the cup of blessing, he gave it unto his disciples, saying, 'Drink ye all of it, for this cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed *for many* for the remission of sins.' The fact, too, of the connection of this Supper with the great Jewish festival, the *Passover*, would seem to imply, that, alike with this, he would have the ordinance of his Supper transmitted from generation to generation. And farther, would it be necessary thus to secure the remembrance of his *immediate* disciples alone?—Would not that memorable scene live ineffaceably upon all their memories, without the need of its being recalled from time to time? Was it not rather intended for disciples that were *not* present,—for his *future* followers?—

There are again other disciples who believe indeed in the validity of the Christian Ordinance, but who are yet restrained from its observance by false views of its *nature* and *design*. And this does not indeed appear strange when we consider the complicated mass of absurdities and superstitions in which it has been for centuries buried. Wrapped in the garb of mystery,—in the mystic doctrines of transubstantiation and consubstantiation, the wildest fables of heathen mythology could not vie with it for irrationality or absurdity. But these darker ages of the Romish Church have now passed away, and with them, we rejoice, are fast passing the countless mummeries and mysticisms of the Sacrament. Masses are not now needed to deliver the soul from Purgatory. The consecrated wine, united with the ink, puts not now a sacred seal upon the contract. The voyager bears not with him now these sacramental emblems as preservatives against danger. Nor does the Invalid resort to them as the restoratives of his diseased frame. No, before the bright sun-light of Reason and Truth such darkening clouds of superstition have long since rolled away. And this affectionate memorial of a dying Lord, bursting the barriers of mystic forms and ceremonies—of shows and incantations, now shines forth in all its purity and simplicity, as fresh from the hands of its Author. Let not then, aught of mystery or awe keep back a disciple from the table of his Lord.

Perhaps a more rational excuse, and one oftener urged, for not partaking of this Christian Ordinance, is that of *personal unworthiness*—a want of sufficient sanctity. One indeed may be a very good Christian, may love his Savior, and desire to follow in his steps. He may indeed be in every way qualified to partake of the Ordinance, and yet he is intimidated and deterred from so doing, by thinking himself perchance not *perfect* enough!—And whence arises such a thought? Is there any foundation in reason for it? Do the Scriptures anywhere point out such perfection of conduct as a necessary qualification? Does our Savior himself lay down any more specific rule for the communicant, than a sincere, *consistent* wish to become and *live* as his disciples? Or, are the rules which St Paul and the other apostles lay down for their converts, of such an exalted and forbidding nature as to keep back the Christian from his public profession? A proper disposition of heart is indeed requisite. But we require as much such a disposition, when, in the stillness of our closet devotions, we commune with our Father in Heaven—or, when at the 'gate of Heaven,' upon wings of praise and thanksgiving we mount up to his holy throne—Let not then the plea of personal unworthiness forbid sincere Christians approaching to the communion table. Let them feel such an approach to be a *duty*, which they owe not only to themselves and their Redeemer, but to all around them whom the influence of *example* would affect. Let the influential in society, distinguished for purity and integrity of character, come forth to the communion table. Let the guides of youth, the faithful and devoted *Teachers of our Sunday Schools*, come forth—feeling how much, vastly much, their influence would be extended by a public profession of him, whose life and precepts they would instil into the young hearts of their scholars. If they hold back, their sincerity may be questioned, and an *inconsistency* may appear between the doctrines they *teach* and those they practise. The neglect, in fine, of this imperative call may not only tend to retard the growth of the Teacher's own soul, but even that of other immortal souls committed to his trust, and for the welfare of which he must be reponsible!

Again the Christian pleads that the *obligations* which this Ordinance imposes, are *too great*. But, we would say to such an one, are these greater than those which the Gospel everywhere imposes, when it says that you must ever act in obedience to its precepts, and make it your rule of life? You profess to desire to walk in the ways of holiness and virtue—for you know, you say, that the Christian cannot stand still in his onward progress—that there is no midway between virtue and vice—that you are continually verging to one of the two extremes however imperceptibly. Would you not then, as a powerful auxiliary to such a progress, have the spirit of *Christ* formed within you (without which indeed you can 'be none of his')—then come forth and obey his dying injunction. And let a compliance with this Christian Ordinance be the strength and support of your Christian Pilgrimage, and the *means* of conducting you into that path that 'shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.'

And here we cannot but remark upon a very prevalent and erroneous notion respecting the communion, and which we deem to be a great barrier to the number of our Communicants, which is this, viz. that the Institution is wont to be regarded as an *end*, rather than as a *means* of Christian improvement. The world indeed think that one must be almost a *saint* ere he can partake of it—that he must move in a different sphere from the rest of his fellow beings, that his demeanor must be grave and sanctified—that he cannot indulge so freely in the sports and amusements of life. And thereby is it that this Christian Ordinance is set apart at so great a distance from men's thoughts, as its author is too apt to be, an object indeed worthy of all reverence and adoration, but all approach to which may serve well enough as a theme of Pulpit declamation, but cannot be expected to be reduced to practice! But does the ordinance deserve such an unfair and erroneous interpretation? Does it, in the smallest degree, war with the innocent amusements and pleasures of life? Does it not rather enhance their gaiety?—and enable one to join in them with greater cheerfulness and glee? By such communion, is the man of business, the student, or the Artizan less prospered or respected in his calling? On the contrary, does he not rather experience a greater degree of felicity and peace in its prosecution?

But, to conclude our article, already extended much beyond our expectation, we would not have it inferred from what we have said, that we have opened the door too wide for communicants, and would have all promiscuously enter therein. No—Far, far be it from us thereby to profane that solemn rite, and deteriorate its worth and sanctity. Great indeed is the preparation of heart needed by the communicant—and great, very great the responsibility of his profession. And we fear there may have been, and are, (though we trust but few) some rash professors who have entered the gates of the Sanctuary, and sat with unwashen hands, and impure lips, at the table of their Lord. No, let all pause, and reflect earnestly and prayerfully, ere they bind themselves by this holy covenant. For the ark of God is sacred, and holy hands alone must bear it. Jesus is of heavenly purity, and the pure and contrite heart alone must honor him. The path that leadeth unto his heavenly mansions, attractive indeed as it may be by its flowers and fruits, must alone be trod by holy feet—for only such followers can there enjoy the rewards of 'good and faithful servants.'

C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THOUGHTS ON THE LYNCH CHOLERA.

When the Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in our country, intelligent physicians were on the alert to ascertain its predisposing causes, or such causes as rendered people peculiarly liable to fatal attacks of that malady. Such a course of proceeding is proper on the occurrence of any new disease, and on the occurrence of old diseases with uncommon frequency or malignity. The Lynch cholera is not a new disease; it has long been known under other names. It is however true, that within a few years it has occurred with unusual frequency and fearful, forms of malignity. More light seems necessary respecting the predisposing causes.

A disease which is peculiar to one place, or a few places, is called *endemic*;—a disease by which many are affected nearly at the same time is called *epidemic*;—and a disease which spreads rapidly by contact or contiguity with the infected is called *contagious*. A bad state of the air may be a predisposing cause of either endemic, or epidemic diseases; but it should be understood that a bad state of air often results from want of care and cleanliness on the part of a community. A bad state of the body or the mind may also be a predisposing cause of malignant maladies, as well as a bad state of the air. When a bad state of air comes in contact with a bad state of body and mind, fatal consequences are much to be feared. Though the Asiatic cholera proved fatal to some very good people; yet it was very obvious that intemperate, or dissipated persons were much more liable to its fatal effects.

The Lynch cholera is not an endemic, confined to one or a few places. For several years past it has assumed the form of a *protracted epidemic*. It is also contagious, and is often communicated by the breath, where this is employed in the utterance of abusive or malignant words. Among the predisposing causes of Lynch cholera, the following things may be mentioned.

1. Want of information, or want of care in the education, of children. Children who are suffered to grow up with their minds unimbued with the principles of Christianity and civilization,—who are allowed to torture insects and other animals for amusement, or to quarrel with one another, will naturally become prepared to adopt Lynch laws in adult age. They will be much exposed to Lynch cholera.

2. The use of intoxicating spirits greatly exposes to Lynch cholera in its most fatal forms. Probably three fourths of the deaths and other mischiefs which have occurred by the prevalence of Lynch cholera have been occasioned by the use of intoxicating spirits.

3. The existence of slavery in our country seems to have been of late in a peculiar manner a predisposing cause of Lynch cholera. Nor is this wonderful; for the slave policy is Lynch policy from first to last. Many state laws relating to slaves are but Lynch laws authorized by men in power. Children of slaves are Lynched as soon as they are born, and treated as slaves. Men who are in the habit of exercising or approving a Lynch policy towards colored people, will be very liable to Lynch cholera, if the justice of their conduct is called in question,—and very likely to encourage a resort to Lynch law in respect to men who dissent from their views. It is not to be doubted, that the long continued existence of slavery in our land has a demoralizing influence, not merely in the slave states, but in all the states; and that people in general are more predisposed to the Lynch cholera and Lynch measures than they would have been had they always been free from the pernicious influence of a slave-holding policy.

4. The manner in which many men of talents and influence have spoken, written, or acted, in relation to mob, and Lynch measures, may be set down among the predisposing causes of the disease. Some have spoken and written directly in vindication of the mobs of the present day; others, in writing, say they disapprove of mobs as dangerous; but still continue to cast all the blame of Lynch measures on the sufferers, and not on the murderers, or doers of the mischief. Others perhaps congregate in the form of a mob to intimidate those whom they wish to put down, without intending any act of Lynch violence. But each of these modes of proceeding has a tendency to encourage a resort to mobs and Lynch law as a justifiable means of suppressing sentiments which happen to be disapproved by the majority.

5. The bewildering prejudices which exist in our country in favor of the mobs and Lynch measures which preceded the Revolutionary war have a powerful influence among the predisposing causes of Lynch cholera in later years. Many people seem to imagine that they may safely follow any of the examples of their ancestors in the time of the Revolution. But our ancestors of that period were but men, fallible men, like the people of the present day, liable to be misled by party passions, and to do things which ought not to be imitated. So far as our ancestors did as they would reasonably have wished others to do unto them, in an exchange of circumstances, so far we may safely follow their example,—but no farther. One circumstance has seemed to me very remarkable. Our ancestors, in favor of *liberty*, resorted to mobs and Lynch laws; many people of the present day resort to the same means in favor of *slavery*,—and yet have vindicated their conduct by the example of Revolutionary ancestors! With the same sort of consistency the *spirit* which a few years ago broke up schools that had been established for free people of color, was denominated '*The spirit of* '76!'—even in New England Newspapers! When men, by party passions, become thus bewildered in favor of *slavery*, it must be a time of imminent danger to a free people. How must such things appear to foreigners, who in years past were in the habit of regarding our country as eminently the land of freedom?

What enlightened and unprejudiced man of our country is not grieved and ashamed when he reflects on the prevalence of Lynch cholera in the different parts of our country? The Asiatic cholera may occur without blame or reproach; but the Lynch cholera is of a moral nature, and always implies blame. It also denotes a great want of civilization, and good manners. Is it not then time for the friends of religion, good order, and good morals to exert themselves, and do what they can to arrest the progress of mobs and every species of Lynch proceedings? I cannot doubt that within a few years the reputation of our country has depreciated in the view of foreigners more than twenty-five per cent; and it will sink lower and lower so long as the Lynch cholera is suffered to prevail. After I began to write this article I was informed by a newspaper, of a most horrid scene of this cholera in Brookyln and Cleaveland in the state of Ohio. If I rightly remember, it was stated that ten men were killed, and a greater number wounded! Such have been the effects of resorting to Lynch law to decide questions of moral right and wrong among a people who pretend to be Christians, and who boast of their freedom and the glory of their country!

Brighton. W.

The following, which we abstract from the Protestant Episcopalian, will serve to complete the sketch of the history of the *Moravian* Church given on the first page.

The Moravians were originally converted to Christianity about the middle of the ninth century, through the instrumentality of Methodius and Cyril, two Greek monks, whom the Empress Theodora had sent thither as missionaries. Efforts had been made about a century before to plant the Gospel among them, but with little success. Being united in communion with the Greek Church, with Methodius as their first bishop, this became the occasion of much religious animosity and contention in after times, when the Roman Pontiff vainly endeavored to reduce them under the discipline and jurisdiction of the Latin Church. The effect of the persecutions raised against them on this account, was to induce many of them to unite themselves in 1170 to the Waldenses. They enjoy the honor of having given birth to those two illustrious martyrs, John Huss and Jerome of Prague.

About the year 1467, in consequence of most, if not all, of their bishops having submitted to the papal jurisdiction, three priests of the society of the United Brethren (one of whom had been ordained by the Bishop of Rome himself) were consecrated to the episcopate, by Stephen, Bishop of the Waldenses, in Austria, he having previously satisfied them of his Episcopal succession in a lawful, uninterrupted line from the apostles and the primitive Christian Church. By these prelates, on their return to their own country, ten other bishops were consecrated from among the rest of the presbyters. In 1522, the United Brethren having heard of the Reformation commenced in Germany, opened a friendly correspondence first with Luther, and afterwards with Calvin, and other leaders among the reformers. To the former deputies were sent, and an examination of their doctrines and discipline satisfied him that they contained nothing liable to censure. A severe persecution, which this drew upon them, threatened their society for a while with ruin; but it ceased in 1575, and after a variety of revolutions in their external circumstances the Churches obtained, in 1609, an edict from the Emperor of Germany granting them a free toleration and public exercise of their religion. But this peace was not of long duration. In 1612 an attempt was made by government to force upon them the decrees of the Council of Trent; and in the bloody persecutions which followed it, the Brethren were dispersed into various parts of the world. A colony of them, who strictly retained their original principles and practice, migrated, in 1722, under the spiritual superintendence of a brother, named Christian David, from Moravia into Upper Lusatia, in search of some sequestered corner in the earth, where they might worship their God and Savior in peace and purity. At the village of Berthelsdorff, belonging to the since well known pious Count Zinzendorff, they received from his steward a hospitable reception. The count himself was absent at the Court of Dresden, but on being informed of the arrival of the emigrants he gave orders to encourage them. They were assisted to build cottages for their families, and some uncultivated lands were allotted to them, which their industry soon rendered productive. Others of the same fraternity were induced to join their brethren, and a new and flourishing village speedily arose, called Herrnhut, signifying the Guard or Watch of the Lord, which became the cradle of the now reviving Church of the Moravians.

It appears that Commodius was their only bishop who survived the fierce persecutions in Germany, just noticed; and by him steps had been taken to preserve the Episcopal office for the dispersed Church of the Brethren, so that they might not want ministers of their own, regularly ordained. At a synod held in 1662, Nicholas Gertichius and Paul Jablonsky (the latter son-in-law to Commodius) were consecrated bishops; the former for the congregations in Poland, and the latter for the dispersed in and out of Bohemia and Moravia. Daniel Ernestus Jablonsky, son of Paul, on the death of his father, in 1669, succeeded to the Episcopal charge; and by this venerable man the Episcopate was transmitted, in 1735, to the brethren who had fled from Moravia, and formed the settlement at Herrnhut, he having consecrated at Berlin that year, in concurrence with his colleague, Bishop Sitkovius, David Nitschman as their Bishop. A regular list of their bishops, containing the names of sixty-seven, extending back from Nitschman, in 1735, to Stephen, Bishop of the Waldenses, in 1467, is still preserved.

Count Zinzendorff, being a zealous member of the Lutheran Church, which was also established by law, endeavored to persuade the Brethren who had settled on his domains, to connect themselves therewith; but grateful as they must have felt to him for his kind protection, nothing could induce them to recede from their own form of ecclesiastical government. While they were willing to maintain the closest spiritual communion with the Lutheran, or any other body of evangelical Christians, they could not consent to abandon that venerable constitution and discipline, for which their anecstors, through so many centuries, had suffered, bled and died, and handed down to them as a most precious inheritance. The count, on a more minute inquiry into their ancient history and distinguishing tenets, not only desisted from his first purpose, but became himself a convert to their faith and discipline, and was actually consecrated one of their bishops in the same year with Nitschman.

The zeal of the Brethren gradually diffused their system over various parts of Europe and America. In the United States they have now several settlements, the earliest and most flourishing of which is that of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, an establishment which has always been distinguished by the moral respectability and philanthropic spirit of its members. Wherever they may be settled, they appear to have only one wish at heart, the propagation of the Gospel and the good of mankind. Their first appearance in England was about the year 1728, where their numbers soon increased. Among their earliest efforts was the formation of a society in London for the promotion of Christianity in heathen lands, which is still in active existence, and has long employed missionaries with great success, both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres. They were favored with the patronage of several of the prelates of the Church of England, particularly Dr. Potter, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who in a letter on the subject to Dr Secker, Bishop of Oxford, expressed his conviction of the genuineness of the Moravian Episcopal succession. He also wrote to Count Zinzendorff, on his consecration as bishop, congratulating him on that event, promising his assistance to their Church, and warmly commending it for having maintained the pure and primitive faith and discipline in the midst of the most tedious and cruel persecutions. On the recommendation of his Grace, the Parliament of Great Britain, after mature investigation, acknowledged the United Brethren to be an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church, and in 1746 an act of recognition was passed in their favor. An order for their relief, and 'for preserving the remainder of the Episcopal Churches in Great Poland and Polish Russia,' had been previously issued by the Privy Council on the 10th of March, 1715, upon a representation made to the king by Dr William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr John Robinson, Bishop of London. Nor was this step taken by Archbishop Wake without due examination of their claims as an apostolical and Episcopal Church. He wrote to the venerable Daniel Ernest Jablonsky, before mentioned, the eldest bishop of the United Brethren, desiring an account of their Church. To this letter he received a full and satisfactory answer, proving their Episcopal succession, and showing the former flourishing, and the present state of their Churches.

As the ministry of the Church of the United Brethren is Episcopal, always having preserved scrupulously the three orders of Bishops, Presbyters and Deacons, so its doctrines are sound and evangelical. It has uniformly declared its adherence to the twenty-one doctrinal articles of the Confession of Augsburg, presented by the Protestant States of Germany to the Emperor and the Diet of the Empire, in 1530, agreeing substantially with the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country. They have an ancient and simple Liturgy, used by them on Sundays, and proper forms for baptism, burial, &c., though they are also accustomed to the use of extemporaneous prayer in their public and private services. In the administration of the sacraments, their bishops and others retain the beautiful and appropriate custom of antiquity, appearing always in a plain white surplice. They have also preserved the apostolical rite of Confirmation, regarding it, as the proper mode of admission to the Lord's Supper.

Such is the Church of the United Brethren. In the eloquent language of one not of its communion, and not an Episcopalian,—'Venerable for its antiquity, connected with the early Eastern Church by an orderly and unbroken succession; comformed in its organization, by general consent, to the model of the primitive Church; holding a just medium between the extreme of hierarchal rigor and anarchial prostration of authority, of formal and pompous ceremonies and meagre and vulgar plainness, of a literal and exclusive orthodoxy and a false and boundless liberality: at peace among themselves, and extending the hand of fellowship to those who deny it to each other; far removed in principle and spirit from all participation in the strife of tongues and of pens, and the conflicts of rival sects and parties; keeping alive, amidst the general favor, that devoted piety which it exhibited under the frowns of persecution; uninfected, to a great degree, with that spirit of error, ostentation and worldliness, which has recently spread with such alarming rapidity among Christians; retaining in an artificial age an air of patriarchal simplicity, their characteristic ancestral virtue; and pursuing, with singleness of aim, to the neglect of inferior and merely secular objects, those exalted ends for which the Church was instituted: such is the spectacle which the Brethren's Unity presents unobtrusively to the contemplation of her sister communions and of the surrounding world.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HERDER'S PARABLES.

[Translated from the German.]

FIRST COLLECTION.

7. *The Trees of Paradise.*

When God conducted man into Paradise, all the trees bowed down before him; with waving summit, each presented to the favorite of God, its fruit and the shadow of its branches for refreshment. 'Oh that he would select me,' said the Palmtree, 'I would feed him with the clusters of my breast, and afford him drink from the wine of my juice. With my leaves would I make him a peaceful shelter, and over-shadow him with my branches.' 'With my blossoms would I bestrow thee,' said the apple-tree, 'and nourish thee with my best fruits!' Thus all the trees of Paradise. And Jehovah kindly led Adam to them, told him the names of all, and permitted him the enjoyment of all, save only the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

'A tree of Knowledge!' said man to himself. 'All the other trees give me only earthly, bodily nourishment; and this tree which would elevate my spirit and confirm the strength of my mind—this is forbidden me! Yet he suppressed the thought: but when example of others, and the voice of temptation addressed him, then tasted he of the wicked fruit, whose juice yet boils in our hearts.

We prize lightly whatever is permitted, and long for the forbidden: we will not be contented with what is already ours; we snatch at something which is above us, high above our heads! * * *

A difficult prohibition thou hast laid upon man, said the higher spirits when God returned: for what is more charming to a creature to whom thou hast given reason, than to find knowledge. And for this wilt thou punish him with death when presently he shall violate thine injunction?

'Wait until I shall punish him,' said the Good Being, 'even in the way of his error, which, with the pains of repentance shall lead him through wounding thorns,—will I conduct him, even then, to another tree; to the tree of an higher Paradise.'

8. *Lilis and Eve.*

Adam went about lonely in Paradise: he attended to the trees; named the beasts, above all he rejoced himself, enjoyed the prolific, blissful creation: but among all the living he found nothing which shared with him the wishes of his heart. Finally his eye rested upon one of the most beautiful beings of the air, who as the story tells—long before men,—were the dwellers in the Earth, and could look upon its aspects then far brighter. This beautiful figure was called Lilas; she with her sisters dwelt upon the trees and the flowers, and lived only on the most fragrant perfumes.

'All creatures,' said he to himself, 'live in communion with one another; Oh that this beautiful creature might be my spouse'!

The Father of men heard his wish and said to him, 'Thou hast cast thine eye upon a creature which is not created for thee: however, to cure thee of thine error, let thy wish be granted.' He spoke the word of transformation, and Lilis stood there in human form.

Joyfully Adam moved towards her; but soon he saw his mistake, for the beautiful Lilis was disdainful, and shrank back from his embrace. 'Am I,' said she 'of thine origin! of the air of Heaven was I formed, and not of lower Earth. Thousand of years make up my life; the power of the spirit is my strength, and perfume is my heavenly food. I cannot increase with thee, thine humble tribe of the dust-born.' She flew away and would not return again to her husband.

God said 'It is not good that man should be alone; I will give him a wife that is suitable for him.' There fell a deep sleep upon Adam, and a prophetic dream showed him the new form; from his side came she forth, of the same being with him. Joyful he awoke and saw his second self; and when God brought the lovely one to him, lo! the place in his heart was moved, for she had become near his heart. 'Mine art thou,' exclaimed he, 'thou shalt be called woman, for thou art taken out of man'!

For this reason when God loves a youth, he gives him for a wife the half which is his, the form of his own heart: knowing that they were created for one another, they become one being, in contentedness and youthful beauty daily new. But he who early looks after foreign charms, and woos beings which belong not to him, he receives as a punishment, a half that is not his own. Two different souls in one body hate one another, and rend and torture one another to death.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

I wish to say a few words to those of your readers who are, or who may be, procuring books for Sunday school Libraries. They are words of caution. The booksellers of Boston, from whose stores our libraries are for the most part supplied, have recently got into the way of keeping and selling the books published by the American Sunday school Union. I would not be understood to express regret at this. On the contrary, I am well pleased with that course, for I think that from the publications of that society a very valuable selection may be made for our Sunday school Libraries. The point to which I would call attention is, that it must be a *selection*. It is not safe to purchase indiscriminately, these books, or add them to our Libraries, without careful revision. In proof of this, I wish to present a few extracts from several of these publications. One of these is called 'Memoirs of Sergeant Dale.' On the 13th page of this story, a little girl 12 years old, is made to say, 'I know that *my* heart is bad, and inclined by nature, to every kind of wickedness.' On page 22d, a prayer is commenced thus:—'O Lord God! the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we pray thee,' &c. On page 44th, we are informed that a child of five years old was taught that 'all men and women upon earth are born with evil, wicked, and corrupt hearts.' The 'Memoir of Phebe Bartlett' begins on this wise, 'All little children have wicked hearts.' I trust no more extracts are needed from such a book. The little book called, 'The Beautiful City,' though less objectionable than the two before mentioned, teaches on page 54th, that Christ suffered the *punishment* due to the sins of men. I might add to these extracts, but it is unnecessary for my purpose. Those which I have presented, will suffice to show the need of cautious examination in obtaining books for the children of our Sunday schools.

While my pen is in hand on this subject, allow me to express a wish that the author (wholly unknown to me,) of the little book entitled, 'Stories illustrating Four of the Commandments,' would furnish us with more works of a similar character for our Sunday schools.

M. L.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 10, 1837.

NOYES'S NEW TRANSLATION OF THE PROPHETS.

James Munroe & Co, the publishers, have sent us the 2d Vol. of this learned and highly valuable work—containing *Nahum, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Obadiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations*, which we have examined with great delight.

Few scholars could have touched the sacred poetry of the Hebrews with a view to any alteration of the language of the received version, without giving deep offence to all the practised readers of Holy Writ. But Mr Noyes—combining more of those qualifications which are essential to the good and acceptable Translator of the Bible, than, perhaps, any other man who has attempted the same work—has clothed these familiar writings of the Prophets with new beauty, and animated them with fresh force and meaning in his accurate, lively, rich and judicious Translation.

His task has been a delicate and arduous one, far beyond the appreciation of any, but he has performed it, in a manner that must of itself be a sufficient reward to his own mind for all its anxiety and labor.

No lover or patron of general literature, and especially no student of the *Scriptures*—no one desirous of understanding their true meaning, and relishing more and more their hidden and inexhaustible beauties,—should be without Mr Noyes's Translations.

And those of our own denomination who are disposed to encourage talent and learning and modest worth among its members, cannot better answer their disposition than by the purchase, and, if possible, distribution of these excellent works.

MEDITATIONS FOR THE SICK.

This is the title of a neat little book written by Rev. Jonathan Cole and published by James Munroe & Co. It is *respectfully inscribed to the Rev. John Brazer, D.D., the kind friend and faithful Pastor of the sick.*

We agree with the author in what he says in his Preface.

'In the course of my ministry, I have very often felt the want of some work of a practical and devotional character, adapted particularly to the circumstances of the sick.'

And highly approve the principle which has guided him in his undertaking, as he thus expresses it.

'It has been kept constantly in mind, that elaborate discussion and refined speculation are wholly out of place in a work designed for those whose bodily infirmities render any long continued mental exertion fatiguing and injurious. I have, therefore, thrown together plain precepts in short chapters; and have preferred to leave the several topics of the chapters unexhausted, rather than to exhaust the strength of those for whose benefit they are intended.'

Mr Cole's book is certainly characterized by both simplicity and brevity—and also, we think, by good good taste and pious sentiment. The poetry is well selected. The following lines on '*Prayer*' are very beautiful.

PRAYER.

Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer grows.

Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze,
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by no human ear;
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear:—

Deep in the Bethel of the heart,
Unearthly feelings throb!
They cannot into language start,
Their only vent, a sob.

No accents flow, no words ascend,
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

Anonymous.

We hope, and have no doubt, that the book will have an extensive circulation.

An interesting No. of the American Monthly Magazine for June, sent us by Otis, Broaders & Co., the Boston Publishers, is on our Table.

JUDGE THACHER'S CHARGES.

We have read the two last charges of Judge Thacher to the Grand Jury of Suffolk with much pleasure. It is certainly laudable in the Hon. Judge to take so much pains to open, with clearness, simplicity and brevity to the people, the *sealed books* of the Law—in so far as it is necessary and proper that all good citizens should understand generally what the Law is, together with some of the reasons on which it rests. Among much that is sensible and practical in the charges, we commend the following sage and timely remarks to the notice of all who have not seen the neat pamphlet which contains them.

'Good citizens cannot hear, without painful emotions, of events in our Republic, which reflect discredit on its free institutions. Are they too free—or is it natural to man to abuse his liberty, that we so often hear of acts of violence and blood, committed in the streets of our most populous cities, where we should expect to witness the greatest proofs of civilization? In our own Commonwealth, no person may go armed with a dirk, dagger, sword, pistol, or other offensive and dangerous weapon, without reasonable cause to apprehend an assault or violence to his person, family, or property. Where the practice of wearing secret arms prevails, it indicates either that the laws are bad; or that they are not executed with vigor; or, at least, it proves want of confidence in their protection. It often leads to the sudden commission of acts of atrocious injury; and induces the individual to rely for defence on himself, rather than on society But how vain and impotent is the power of a single arm, however skilled in the science of defence, to protect its possessor from the many evil persons who infest society. The possession of a concealed dagger is apt to produce an elation of mind, which raises itself above the dictates both of prudence and law. The possessor, stimulated by a sensitive notion of honor, and constituting himself the sole judge of his rights, may suddenly commit a deed, for which a life of penitence will hardly, even in his own estimation, atone. When you survey the society to which you belong, and consider the various wants of its members;—their numbers, their variety of occupation and character,—their conflicting interests and wants,—the multitudes who are idle and unwilling to labor, or who are poor and dependent, and cannot labor,—how many live by vice and plunder, and how many derive a revenue from the arts of deceit and corruption;—what is it, permit me to ask, preserves the common peace and safety? I know of no answer, but THE LAW:—it is the law, which makes every man to know his own place, compelling him to move in it, and giving to him his due. The great search and object of government are, to frame wise and equal laws, and to make them efficacious over the minds of the citizens. It was therefore justly said by one of the sages of the law, that 'those societies of men, wherein law and justice bear not sway, are not properly called Commonwealths, but *Magna Latrocinia*, great confederacies of thieves; and truly, if there were no laws made, nor observation of those that are made, all societies of men, all happiness, and contentment in this life, would be taken away, and every state and Commonwealth would fall to the ground and dissolve.' The law has effected much for the peace and safety of society, when it has succeeded to temper the passions of men to obedience to its mild sway. No man can ever be humbled, even in his own proud estimation, by yielding obedience to 'the guardian voice of justice on her throne.' The personal virtues and example of individuals have great effect in promoting public order; and I cannot with too much earnestness urge upon all good citizens, while they reverence the laws, to respect the principles of the wise forms of government under which they have the happiness to live, and to abstain from every thing which will, even by remote tendency, violate the compact, or injuriously affect the union and peace of these States.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual public meeting in the Church in Berry St. on Wednesday evening May 31. Rev J. Allen, one of the Vice Presidents, in the chair. The meeting was opened by prayer from the Rev Cazneau Palfrey. An interesting and encouraging Report was read by the Secretary Dr F. H. Gray—after which the meeting was addressed, generally in an earnest and sensible manner, by Rev Mr. Whitman of Wilton, N. H; Elder Himes of the Christian Church, Mr Wm. A. Weeks, and Revs. C Palfrey, A. B. Muzzy and E. T. Taylor minister to Seamen.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The annual Discourse before this Society was preached by Rev Orville Dewey of New York, in the Church in Berry St. on Friday evening, June 2, to a large and highly respectable audience, who listened with undivided attention and deep interest to its elevated sentiments, and beautiful illustrations, expressed as they were with all the easy dignity, and unforced yet impressive eloquence which are so characteristic of that eminent Preacher. The collection taken after the Sermon amounted to $109,06.

SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL AMONG THE INDIANS AND OTHERS IN NORTH AMERICA.

The annual meeting of this society was holden on Thursday June 1st; when Hon. Jonathan Phillips, who for many years had served in the office of President, having declined a re-election, the following Gentlemen were chosen as the government of the Society for the year.

Hon. Chief Justice Shaw, *President.*
Rev. Henry Ware, D. D., *Vice President.*
Alden Bradford Esq., *Secretary.*
Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., *Assistant Sec'ry.*
Hon. Asahel Stearns, *Treasurer.*
Select Committee—Hon. Richard Sullivan—Hon. Peter O. Thacher, Rev. Dr. Parkman Rev. Dr Walker, and Rev. E. S. Gannett.

For two or three years past, and since the increasing wealth and population of Maine have so far improved the condition of their villages and even distant settlements as to render unnecessary missionary aid, the attention of this Society has been directed to the spiritually destitute at the South and the West. While provision has still been made for the little remnent of Indians at Martha's Vineyard and at the Narraganset, missionaries have been sent to very remote portions of our country. The Rev. G. W. Eliot of St. Louis, the Rev. Mr Huntoon of Milton, Mr Thurston, recently of the Theological School, Cambridge, and Mr Cranch have labored, particularly within the states of Missouri and Illinois, and in places, which have earnestly invited and seemed to require the spiritual aid of the Society. Gratifying intelligence has been received of the acceptance and usefulness of their services; and we rejoice in the field, which is thus opened to the efforts and good influences of this ancient Society. We learn, that it is their intention to send forth other missionaries, as opportunity and the resources of their treasury will permit, to meet the wants which are continually inviting supply.

At this annual meeting Rev. Joseph Field of Weston, Mass, and Rev. Alexander Young of Boston were elected members of the Corporation.

WORCESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

We have received the Third Report of this Society, read May 10, 1837. It is one of the most interesting and decidedly practical Reports on the subject of Sunday Schools that we have ever seen.

Our space will not admit of as large an extract as we should be pleased to transfer into our columns. The following spirited paragraph relates to Teacher's meetings.

'But it has been remarked that the teachers need piety and devotion as well as intellectual activity. Over and above the ordinary means of religious improvement, the teacher's meetings afford peculiar opportunity for the promotion of these. Let the spirit of Christianity preside over these meetings,—let the soul of him who conducts them glow with religious emotion—let him watch his opportunity—and by the blessing of God, he cannot fail to have a body of devoted teachers. The influence of a single mind will be diffused, the warmth of a single heart will be communicated, and the whole spirit of the man will descend upon those around him. As at those yearly festivals of the Greek Church of which the travellers speak. At the close, fires are kindled on the consecrated altar and the whole assembly of worshippers are invited to approach, and they rush towards the flame and light their torches and bear them blazing home, and with these fires warm their dwellings through the following seasons. So at these teachers meetings an altar should be raised in the midst, and a glow of religious feeling should be kindled, and all who go, should come away with it *burning and blazing in their hearts.* And may not this be? Is there no power in sympathy? Is there no efficacy in union of purpose and feeling? What! Shall family friends sit and commune together, and thus keep alive their interest in the absent and beloved? And shall not Christian friends, sharers of common joys and sorrows, engaged alike in a common work, bound alike for the world of retribution and a spiritual being, shall not they with the word of God before them, occupied in the study of the most wonderful events in recorded time, and in contemplating the character of the most wonderful being that ever trod the earth, communing together on the most sublime and quickening of all subjects, their relation to God and Christ and futurity, shall not they catch and communicate a portion of religious feeling? They must. And when they confirm this feeling by their prayers and active duties, it becomes a fixed habit of the mind. They feel a new energy, count sacrifices in the cause of God and man as nothing, and are in a good measure prepared to be efficient and successful teachers.

The Worcestor Sunday School Society was organized Oct 8, 1834. The following are the Officess of the present year, elected May 10, 1837.

Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, D. D. *President.*
Hon. Joseph G. Kendall, *Vice President.*
Rev. Peter Osgood, *Secretary and Treasurer.*
Publishing Committee.—Rev. Calvin Lincoln, Edwin Conant, Esq., Rev. Washington Gilbert.
Reviewing Committee.—Rev Joseph Allen, Nathaniel Wood, Esq., Hon. Waldo Flint.

At the close of the Report, the Publishing Committee give a list of Books which they recommend to Sunday School Teachers.

The RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND FAMILY MISCELLANY for June, has been sent us by Weeks, Jordan & Co. publishers.

The American Magazine of useful and entertaining Knowledge has, we perceive, passed into the hands of *Rev. J. L. Sibley*, who has purchased of Mr Bodwell all h is right and interest in the publication. Notwithstanding the sneers in which editors have indulged in regard to the *cuts*, with which the pages of the Magazine are *disfigured*—the work is the vehicle of much useful information, and we have no doubt will be well conducted by its present proprietor and Editor. And, indeed, we cannot expect very expensive and delicately executed engravings in a publication which is furnished to its readers at so cheap a rate. And we believe that this, at least, may be said in favor of the cuts—that they generally consult *truth* more than *beauty.*

We have received from Weeks, Jordan & Co. *Peter Parley's Geography of the Bible*—illustrated with many engravings, which will certainly be a very attractive book to children, and useful—for they will learn lessons from no Teacher so readily as from the indefatigable story-teller and simple moralist under whose name this little work is introduced to their notice.

THE BANGOR JOURNAL.

We have received the first No. of a weekly paper with the above title, published at Bangor, Maine, every Thursday morning, at $2.00 per annum.

It is edited by Rev. Thomas Curtis, assisted by a Committee of literary gentlemen. The principles and the aim of the paper are admirable; and, judging from the appearance of this first number, as well as from the high and liberal character of the Gentlemen who are associated as its Editors, we anticipate that it is about to be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of our country.

MR PEABODY'S SERMON.

Mr Peabody has treated of the *times* in a truly business-like manner—and at the same time with great earnestness, force and soberness.

He has made a very valuable addition to the *Literature of Hard Times.*

Meditations for the Sick, by Jonathan Cole. Boston, Munroe & Co. 1837.

This is a valuable little book; and we heartily commend it not only to the enfeebled, to the diseased, to those who have much to endure and fear from pain and suffering, but to the healthy and strong: to those who are feeling and living as if to-morrow, and even years to come, will be as bright and happy as the passing day of their unclouded prosperity. It is good in the days of our vigour to be reminded that, weeks and perhaps months of weakness, or illness, and of the utter loss of all capacity of enjoyment of outward objects and interests may be before us. We need all the aid to reflection upon ourselves, our souls, our spiritual concerns, our accountableness, our prospects, and the grounds of our hope beyond the grave, with which we can be supplied by books, and by conversation upon the great subject, as well as by the daily circumstances and events of His providence by which God is speaking to us, and instructing us of our end, and admonishing us to preperation for it. Well written books,—books in which the topics are well selected and well treated,—in which men speak from the heart.—in which man addresses his fellow man, his fellow sinner, his brother in the trials of life and in the hopes of the gospel, with the sympathy of true christian fraternity, and with the earnestness of true christian love; books of this character will often effect a good, not to be attained by any other means. They will be read in seasons of calm and tranquil thought, when passion is hushed, and the better principles of our nature are in action, and there is a preparation of the soul to receive good. Or, should they ever be read amidst the stormy conflicts of good and evil in the heart, the disposition to resist their benevolent and holy purposes will as feeble, combared with that which might be called forth in opposition to a living speaker. We would by no means undervalue the importance of the living voice. Above all, we know of no substitute for the influence to be exerted by a faithful christian pastor in his intercourse with his flock. The cases are very many in which he can thus do for his tried and suffering fellow beings, what all the books in the world could not alone accomplish. But there are few cases in which he may not be greatly aided in his work by suitable books; and the cases are very many, in which such books may do for him a preparatory work, which could hardly otherwise have been done. We therefore heartily welcome every judicious, sensible, warm-hearted book of practical piety. And such a book is the little volume which Mr Cole has given us. We have commended it to the well. We commend it also to the sick. It may be to many for light, comfort, support, and peace. Mr Cole has made a good beginning of his ministry in this little publication. May his success in it encourage him to still further services in this important department of christian ministration. T.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

Died, in this city, on the 16th ult. JOSEPH FIELD, Senior Deacon of the Church on Church Green, aged LXXXIII.

On the Lord's day after his decease, the pastor of that church, the Rev. Mr Young, delivered a discourse on '*The Character of the Good Church Officer,*' from 1 Timothy, iii. 13. *They that use the office of a Deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.* After giving some account of the origin of the office, the preacher proceeded to point out its importance and necessity, and to describe its functions and duties. We have been permitted to extract the following passages for insertion in our columns.

'Most, if not all of you, my hearers, must be informed of the event which has led me to discourse this morning on a somewhat unusual topic During the past week we have been called, in the providence of God, to part with the senior officer of this church, who for more than forty years 'used the office of a deacon well.' His stately and venerable form, as he was seen every Sabbath moving up the aisle to his accustomed seat, must be familiar to you all. That seat is now vacant; that form will no more be seen in the courts of the Lord's house. We are no longer to be blessed by his reverent visage and his devout demeanor. The places that once knew him are to know him no more forever.

Little did I think when two months since, in this place, I paid the last tribute of respect to the memory of one of our oldest members,* that I should so soon be called to repeat the same office to his only senior brother in the church. Good men fall not alone. The interval has been short between the exit of these patriarchs of our congregation. They had sat together around the same altar and mingled their prayers in the same sanctuary for more than half a century, and at the time of their death were the two oldest brethren in the parish. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

The late Deacon JOSEPH FIELD was born in that part of the ancient town of Braintree, now called Quincy, in November, 1753. He sprung, like many others of our enterprising citizens, from the bone and muscle of the country—being the son of a sturdy yeoman who tilled his own acres, drove his own plough afield, and watered the furrows with the sweat of his brow. Very early in life, he came to this town and entered into trade, in which calling he spent the greater portion of his life, with the interval of a few years when he followed the sea, crossing the Atlantic several times on foreign voyages, but for the most part engaged in the coasting trade. Much of what I have said in a previous discourse on the character of the good merchant, is strictly applicable to our departed deacon. He too was a shipmaster, and a merchant, and manifested in his character those high and peculiar qualities of mind and heart which are elicited and nurtured by those stirring and manly occupations.

But it is chiefly in another point of view that I now wish to portray his character—namely, as a religious man, and as a good officer of the church. He must have connected himself with this parish very soon after his coming to town, for I find by our records that he was received to the communion in February, 1775, under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Howe, a young minister of surpassing worth, whom many of the aged people of the parish, who knew him and remembered him well, have, in their warm and enthusiastic language, described to me 'as an angel.' He was from Connecticut, had been a tutor in Yale College, was ordained in 1773, left the town in the time of the siege, and died. Mr Field was then 21 years of age, and consequently has been a member of the church 62 years—a long period! Who is there left among us that was present at the time of his admission? Not one. No, not one. He was the last relic of a former race—the sole survivor of a bygone generation.

The characteristics by which our venerable deacon was distinguished, were great tenderness of conscience, deep humility, and fervent piety. Never have I seen these qualities more strongly or more beautifully manifested than in him. He was a single-hearted and conscienti us man guided in all things by what he conceived to be his duty. His first, his only inquiry regarding any action or any course of conduct was not, 'Is it agreeable, is it expedient, is it popular?' but 'Is it proper, is it right, ought I to do it?' Many things, accordingly, that others would have deemed innocent and allowable, he would not do, restrained by what some might call a morbid scrupulousness of conscience, but which was in him the height of moral rectitude, the perfection of Christian principle. Yet though he reverenced the right, and labored earnestly for the good, he formed the most lowly estimate of his own attainments in moral excellence, and entertained the most humble sense of his own religious progress. He thought little of what he had done, and was accustomed to dwell chiefly on his own deficiencies and omissions of duty. He could not bear to be reminded of any good deed he had performed; it grieved him to hear it mentioned with any word of commendation. He felt that all that he had done was nothing in comparison with what he ought to have done, and was deeply humbled by a sense of his own unworthiness. Lenient to the failings of others, and indulgent in judging of their characters and conduct, he was a most rigid and stern censor of his own.

But the crowning grace of his character was his deep and fervent piety. He was a truly 'devout man, and one that feared God with all his house,' reverencing his heavenly Father and loving his Saviour with his whole heart and soul. I am sure he must have received a religious education; and the seeds of piety that were early implanted in his bosom, sprung up and flourished, and brought forth fruit through life. He loved to meditate on the divine goodness, he loved to read God's holy word, he loved to converse on religious subjects. These topics were always uppermost in his thoughts, and his mind reverted to them with a natural and graceful ease. He was a man of prayer, and kept a close walk with God. His house was hallowed by the morning and the evening sacrifice upon the altar of family devotion, and his private supplications were continually going up before Him who seeth in secret.

The same devotional feelings, the same humility, and tenderness of conscience, that marked his course through life, attended him at life's close; and the religion, which was his delight and joy in the days of his health and strength, was his support and solace when confined to the chamber of sickness and laid upon the bed of pain and languishing.

For more than forty years our venerable father has exercised among us the office of a deacon, and there are many here who can bear testimony to the fidelity with which he has discharged its duties. He took the deepest interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of this church, and rejoiced in every appearance of a growing concern in the great truths of religion. He was jealous for the honor of God with a godly jealousy. He was solicitous to have the institutions and ordinances of the Gospel reverenced and observed. He loved the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and except when detained by illness or infirmity, was always seen in his place in the Lord's house. The poor of the parish found in him a kind-hearted friend, ever ready to listen to the story of their wants, and ever anxious to supply them to the full measure of his ability. As the almoner of the church, he visited regularly the widow and the fatherless, who had known better days, and doubled the value of the gratuity which he dispensed by the truly kind and christian manner in which he bestowed it. As he crossed the threshhold, the widow's heart leaped for joy, and as the good man delivered to her the stated stipend, her eyes filled, and the tear of gratitude trickled down her care-worn cheek.

Of his domestic virtues I dare not allow myself to speak as I would. Home was the centre of his affections, the seat of his joy, where all his desires were satisfied, and all his hopes were fulfilled. Grateful for every little favor and act of kindness, and fearful only of giving trouble to those about him, he made his dwelling the abode of harmony and love. The hand of time, which weakened his frame, and retarded the current of his blood, did not in the least chill the warmth of his heart nor impair the strength of his affections. He continued to the last to manifest the liveliest interest in the welfare of all connected with him, and especially of the younger branches of his family. The breach which his departure makes in that circle, God alone can fill.

Brethren of this church and congregation, should we not be grateful for having had among us such examples of religious and moral worth? Is it not a glory to this church to have possessed such members; to have nurtured and reared such men in her bosom? Is not this place of our solemnities more endeared to our affections by the recollection of the graces and virtues that were embodied in their characters? Should we not earnestly pray that their mantle of piety and righteousness may fall upon the younger brethren who are coming forward to take their places, and that their spirit may abide with us and with our children forever?'

* William Parsons, Esq. died March 19, aged 81. He had been connected with this parish 57 years.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MRS MARY THAYER.

Mrs Mary Thayer, formerly of Boston, died at Philadelphia, on the 14th of May. Her death is an event deeply felt, and not only by her family, from which it has taken away a beloved wife and mother, but by all whose privilege it was to know her, either as a friend or as a most impressive example of female excellence and of christian character. Among the few who had an opportunity of observing 'the daily beauty of her life,' one who enjoyed that happiness for successive years, is desirous of giving expression to those feelings which the character of the departed impressed on the hearts that habitually sympathised with her in life. It is not the writer's intention to pour out the full tribute of affectionate recollections, which the rare and beautiful traits of the deceased might justly draw forth, but rather to select a few of those blossoms of the soul, whose peculiar loveliness identifies the memory of her whose presence is now withdrawn from us.

No one could know Mrs Thayer without being deeply impressed with her excellence in the distinguishing traits of a christian woman. Her gentleness, meekness, candour, and charity, were obvious even to the casual observer. Her habitual and devout resignation to the Divine will, the touching truth and tenderness which mingled with her piety, the vivid sympathy, the genuine cheerfulness of spirit, the devoted kindness, the far-reaching benevolence, the soul felt humilty by which she was characterised, could be fully known only to those whose intercourse with her, in the daily occurrences and relations of life, gave them opportunity to know her intimately. She possessed an uncommon sensibillity to the beautiful in nature, and in human character. Her reverence for worth was profound, as a sentimrnt of her inmost soul, and habitually operative in her actions. Her veneration for her religious instructers, in particular, seemed to render them ever personally present with her.

But it was in her relation as a mother that her most impressive traits were manifested. The sacredness and blessedness of maternity seemed in her inseparably blended. The most earnest solicitude to fulfil her duties to her children, seemed ever to possess her soul, yet never to disturb it with that feeble anxiety into which it sometimes falls. All her feelings breathed a tone of spiritual health and cheerfulness. Indeed, she was an instructive example of the power of a rational and tender piety to sustain the soul amid corporeal weakness, and to inspire it with an habitual animation under physical suffering. Adversity and affliction she sustained not merely with the resignation of faith, but with the cheerfulness of filial love. How impressive, in this respect, was her exhibition of the chrisiian spirit, can never be forgotten by the few whose intimacy gave them opportunity to know. She was ever a silent doer of the word. Her intellectual endowments, and her tendencies of thought gave a most attractive tinge of ideality to her character But all was balanced and confirmed by the habitual practice of actual duty. With her, mind, heart, and will, were all blended in the unity of christian life. May her surviving friends ever realize the value of the legacy which she has bequeathed to them.

Philadelphia, May 21st 1837.

INTELLIGENCE.

Reasons for not paying specie.—We have read with interest a statement of the Banks of Philadelphia, to certain inquiries, of a committee of a public meeting held on the 15th ult in that city, respecting the non-payment of specie. Some unworthy attempts had been made to fix in the minds of the less favored classes, the opinion that the Banks were hostile to the laboring classes, and that the tendency of the measures of the Banks was, to oppress them. The letter here published seems to us not only clearly and fully to vindicate the Banks from any such charge, but to show conclusively that the course pursued was the only one by which the industry of the mass of our citizens could be protected.

As we have not seen this letter in any of the papers of this part of the country, we quote it from the National Gazette for the gratification of our readers.

To Messrs. F. Stoever, E. A. Penniman, John Wilbank, Nathan Hall, Thos. Hogan, Wm. Thompson, Robert M. Lee.

Gentlemen,—Your letter of the 17th inst. was yesterday received and submitted to a meeting of Delegates from the Banks of the city and county of Philadelphia, in whose name we are authorized to answer your enquiries.—This we shall proceed to do promptly and cheerfully.

Between the Banks and the Community there ought always to be a clear understanding. The Banks are in fact the representatives of the capital and industry of the Community.—If the business of the country was confined merely to what could be carried on with gold and silver, that business would be in the hands of the very few who could command gold and silver, and nine-tenths of all those works which give employment to industry would cease to exist. It is the Banks which supply by credit the want of gold and silver. They enable men with more industry and talents than money to undertake valuable works, to employ a great number of hands and give activity to the spirit of enterprize.

The factories, the ship-building, the house building, the coal-mine, the canals, the roads—the whole industry of the country, are in a great degree supported or assisted by credits derived from banks. The banks then, are inseparable from the industry of the country. If the country prospers, the banks prosper. If the country suffers, the banks suffer; and the banks can never do anything which injures the country, which does not still more injure themselves.

Accordingly in the late proceedings they have been guided by the same principle of common interest, which will readily appear by the answer to your two enquiries.

1st. You express a wish to know the reasons of the adoption of the measure of suspendiug specie payments.

The suspension of specie payments by the banks of Philadelphia, was occasioned by this—that the banks of New York stopped paying specie. The banks of Philadelphia therefore thought if others would not pay specie to them and the citizens of Philadelphia, it would be very wrong to pay specie at the expense of the citizens of Philadelphia.

The specie in the banks of Philapelphia is the fund on which loans are made to the merchants, manufacturers and mechanics of Philadelphia. When the specie diminishes, the loans are diminished; and if the banks had gone on paying specie to the New York banks, they would have been obliged to cease lending to the merchants, manufacturers and mechanics, and the consequence would be, that all the laboring classes would soon have been without employment.

If the banks part with their specie, they must stop lending. The simple question then whether it was better to suspend the factories, to suspend all trade, suspend all house-building, all canal making, all road-making, or to suspend specie payment. If the banks had been so thoughtless as to go on till all the specie had been drawn from them, how could they lend money to pay the wages of the industrious classes, who would have been thrown out of employ by thousands.

The suspension then was for the very purpose of enabling the banks to lend to those who pay the wages of the industrious classes and we think that so far from being an object of censure it was the indispensable duty of the banks not to part with their specie; that is to say not to give up the means of lending to those who could employ so many industrious and worthy citizens.

2d. Your next enquiry is, whether during the general suspension the banks might not pay their five or ten dollar notes.

The banks have considered this matter carefully and frequently. They would be glad to do it, but they are satisfied that it would be injurious to the laboring classes.

The reasons are these. If it is right to suspend specie payments at all, if it is necessary to protect the industry of the City and County—the measure must be carried out, or it will be of no service. For look at the effect of it. Specie is now at a premium. If five dollar notes will bring specie, then five dollar notes are at the same premium as specie. They will then be bought up and brought to the Banks, the specie drawn for them and sent away, so that if all the five dollar notes were paid in specie, there would not be a dollar of it in circulation. If, when it was paid out you could keep it in circulation, it would be well, but that is impossible while it is bought up immediately, and carried off. Besides, to pay five dollar notes, is just as bad as paying hundred dollar notes, because the owner of a hundred dollar note has only to come first and get it changed into fives, and then he draws the whole hundred in specie and sends it away. Again, why should you pay a five dollar note and not a ten, or a fifty? Would it be just to pay *one* man, and not pay *all?* Is it not then better to keep all the specie safely until the time comes when every body can be paid alike?

The course of the Banks of Philadelphia has been justified completely by the conduct of all the other Banks in the United States, as far as we have heard from them, they all having suspended specie payments, and all having avoided making any distinction between small notes and large ones. The very few institutions that made an effort under the most favorable circumstances to continue specie payments, after the experiment of a few days, or hours, found themselves compelled to submit to overruling necessity. While all the Banks in the United States protect their neighbors by keeping their specie, it would appear to be unsafe for the Philadelphia Banks to expose the merchants, manufacturers and mechanics of the city and county to the injury which they must suffer by any premature attempt to pay specie. In conclusion, it may be proper to add, that it has been suggested that the Banks might be induced to part with their present stock of specie. We deem it a duty to apprize you, that no such disposition exists, and that the Banks looking steadily to a resumption of specie payments, will carefully guard their present supply, and will not reduce it for the purpose of gain. We have now given candidly the motives of the proceedings of the Banks, and shall be gratified if they appear reasonable to the respectable body of our fellow citizens whom you worthily represent on this occasion. Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) MANUEL EYRE. Chairman.

JOHN B. TREVOR, Secretary.

New-Orleans.—At a meeting of the New-Orleans chamber of commerce, on the 20th May, among sundry resolutions proposed was the following, which was passed with but two dissenting voices.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this chamber, the present deranged state of the currency of the United States, calls most loudly for the establishment of a National Bank, and that the actual state of affairs, as well as all previous experience, shows the absolute necessity of such an institution, for the regulation of the monetary operations of the country; and that a committee be appointed to prepare a memorial to Congress on the part of this Chamber, soliciting their early action on this subject.

MEXICO, April 26.—The new administration has set to work on financial matters, a difficult task, as their predecessor has acted in a manner to destroy all confidence in government transactions. They have left no money in the treasury, and their only resources, the marine customs, are anticipated for several months to come. I learn that a cabinet council was held last night, where it was proposed to borrow $2,000,000, for which the church are to mortgage a part of their property as security, (if they please.) This is believed to be merely a mild way of appropriating by degrees the useless and immense property held by the priests, (the most licentious portion of the population,) which they have robbed of the superstitious and infatuated poor.—If Bustamente has resolution to carry out this measure, he will retrieve his country from fanatical degradation and misery.

It is believed that the priests will kick at the measure recommended last night. They have expected it, and it is well known that they have been using all their influence to excite a popular excitement in favor of Santa Ana. A sanguinary struggle may be the result. If Gen. Bustamente can keep the troops on his side, he has nothing to fear, but there is reason to apprehend that they are bought up by the church party, who possess the wealth of the country.

It is very warm here and sickly. The dry weather continues—business completely paralyzed—daily assassinations and robberies as usual.

From Jamaica.—It is the opinion of some that the apprentice system will not work well, and that the result will be the eventual expulsion of the whites from the island. The following extract of a letter of May 18th. from Jamaica, does not indicate any such result.

Extract of a letter, dated JAMAICA, May 13.

'We are all, thank God, at present in tranquility.—The apprenticeship system is working, if not satisfactorily, at least without those evils which so many prognosticated. The staple of the Island, sugar, must decrease daily, but the planter has abundant resources,—a fertile soil, and a delightful climate; and it is the opinion of judicious and experienced persons, that the Island will be more flourishing when the remains of slavery are entirely obliterated.'

From Europe. English dates to April 25th have been received at New York. The news of greatest interest related to commercial affairs. The remittances which the United States Bank had enabled the merchants to make, had produced a very favorable effect on the feelings of the mercantile community. The views of the general suspension of specie payments had not been received.

France. The new French ministry, is at length determined on, as follows.

Ministers retained. Count Molé, President and Foreign Minister. Gen. Bernard minister of war. Admiral Rosamel, minister of marine. M. Martin du Nord, ministers of Commerce.

New Ministers. M. Montalivet, of the interior, vice Gasparin. M. Salvandy, of public instruction, vice Guizot. M. Barthe, of Justice, vice Persil. M. Lacave Laplagne, of finance, vice Duchatel.

The preparations for the marriage of the Duke of Orleans were going on very actively. The Chamber of Deputies had passed, by a majority of 258, the act, establishing his allowance, 2,000,000 francs per annum, 1,000,000 for wedding presents, and 300,000 per annum for the princess, in case of widowhood.

The distress of the operatives was still very great in France.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

Revs. John Brazer D. D., Brown Emerson D. D., William Williams, Michael Carlton, of Salem, constituted Life-members by the Ladies of Essex Co. Olive Branch Circle.

Rev. Lyman Gilbert, Newton, do. by a donation of $22 from his society.

Rev. Nathaniel Thurston, Lowell, do. by members of the Freewill Baptist Church.

GEO. C. BECKWITH, *Cor. Sec.*

Whipple & Damrell, 9 Cornhill, Agents A. P. S.

Boston, June 5, 1837.

*** The Treasurer of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches acknowledges, with pleasure, the receipt of Fifty dollars, by Rev. M. I. Motte—as a donation from a member of his congregation.

Boston, June 3d, 1837.

MARRIAGES.

In Concord N. H. Mr James Lund, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Mr Samuel Butters.

At Chelsea, by Rev Mr Alger, Mr John Pierce to Miss Martha Hastings.

In Lowell, 1st inst. Mr James McGregor, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Mary M. daughter of the late Amos Kent, Esq.

In Framingham, by Rev. Mr Barry, Rev. Barzillai Frost, of Concord Mass. to Miss Elmira, daughter of the late Mr Daniel Stone, of the former place.

At Athol by Rev. Mr Huntington Rev. P. Lamb, of Warwick, to Miss Fidelia Ellbrook, youngest daughter of the late Mr Joseph Ellbrook of Athol.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Wednesday, May 31st, Mrs Abigail Prescott, aged 84.

In Cambridge, on Sunday morning, Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., aged 73.

JAMESON'S CHARACTERISTICS. Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical, by Anna Jameson, illustrated by a series of her own vignette etchings, &c. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street.
j 3

FAMILY BREAD.
Establishment 122 Court Street.

THE subscriber having purchased this establishment of Mr J. Fisher Hewes, would inform its patrons and the public that he will continue the Baking Business at the same place; and while he solicits a continuance of its former patronage, it gives him pleasure to assure customers in order that their bread may be obtained in the same unrivalled excellence as heretofore, he has made an engagement with his brother to superintend the manufacture of every article of Bread and Cake.

VIRGIL H. HEWES.

CARD.—Families can be supplied with all kinds of Pies, Cake, &c, by leaving their orders in the morning at HEWES'S BAKERY, No. 122 Court st.
j 10 V. H. H.

ANDRAL'S PATHOLOGICAL ANATOMY—For sale at TICKNOR'S, 135, Washington street where may be found the largest assortment of Medical Works in this city.

Subscriptions received for all Medical Periodical English and American. j10

TODD'S Sabbath School Teacher. Designed to aid in elevating and perfecting the Sabbat School system, by Rev. John Todd; just receive by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j 10

VIEWS of Duty adapted to the Times. A sermon preached at Portmouth, N. H., May 14th, 1837, by Andrew P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church and Parish; just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington street. j 10

EXERCISES FOR PRIVATE DEVOTION by the author of Pious Thoughts and Reflections in Retirement. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street. m 27

MEDITATIONS FOR THE SICK. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Meditations for the Sick, with Poetical Extracts, by Johnathan Cole. For sale at 134 Washington Street.
j 3

VIEWS OF DUTY, adapted to the Times. A Sermon preached at Portsmouth, N. H., May 14th, 1837; by Andrew P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church and Parish; just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street.
j 3

NOYES'S PROPHETS, Vol. 2. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. A new translation of the Hebrew Prophets, arranged in Chronological order, by George R. Noyes, vol 2. also vol 1. For sale at 134 Washington street.
j 3

BIOGRAPHY FOR SCHOOLS—By the author of American Popular Lessons, Grecian History, English History, &c.—For sale to the trade and at retail, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. m 27

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

Sweet is the bread that toil hath won,
And sweet the sleep it brings,
And sweetly when the day is done
My cheerful helpmate sings:
How proudly round my hearth I see
My sturdy sons draw near,
And O how kindly smiles on me
Each one that's gathered here.

A thousand songsters welcome me
Forth to my daily toil,
And flowers of many a form and hue
Upspringing from the soil:
The Spring with promise beckons me
To sow the needful grain,
And glorious Autumn, thankful, shows
Its harvest-mantled plain.

The student in his narrow cell
Reads by his midnight lamp:
I read in Nature's open book
Truths of immortal stamp:
While monarchs tremble on their thrones,
And quakes the city's lord,
I firmly stand upon the Earth,
A basis deep and broad.

Sweet is the bread that toil hath won,
And sweet the sleep it brings,
And sweetly when the day is done
My cheerful helpmate sings:
How proudly round my hearth I see
My sturdy sons draw near,
And O how kindly smiles on me
Each one that's gathered here.

V.

SPRING.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

When the wind blows
In the sweet rose tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me;
'Tis not for any one here, I trow;
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth,
For all below!
O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep?
To the rich man's moor.
Where cometh sleep?
To the bed that's poor.
Peasants must weep,
And kings endure;
That is a fate that none can cure—
Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow;
She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers,
For all below!
O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.

From the Reformer. (Eng.)

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

Lord! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast;
Oh! hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too:—how should we love
Another land so well!

Oh! guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love,
Of knowledge, truth and Thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Here may Religion, pure and meek,
Upon our Sabbaths smile,
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

Lord of the nations! thus to thee,
Our country we commend,
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

J. R. W.

TO AN ANCIENT INKSTAND,

Used more than thirty years in the study of the

REV. DR PERKINS.

Capacious vase! so long decreed
The roots of intellect to feed,
And patient aid the graphic art
To tinge the thought and touch the heart—
Who can thy varied toils portray?
Thy tireless zeal, both night and day?
Ordained to serve, from youth to age,
The saint, philosopher and sage,
Who, laboring for his Savior's sake,
The slumber of his soul to wake,
Beholds with clear and heavenward eye
Time's frosty years pass harmless by.
Oh, still that honored master's will
With faithful diligence fulfil,
Until, his high commission o'er,
He needs such humble friend no more;
Then take thy place, with ancient state,
'Mid relics of the good and great.

L. H. S.

THE BLACKBIRD.

By J. Montgomery.

Those who live in the country, and are apt to awake early on spring *mornings*, when all around is still, and the lark himself is yet on the ground, must often have been charmed with the solitary song of the blackbird, a brief stave of six or seven notes only, followed by an interlude of silence, during which the ear listens eagerly for a repetition. His broad and homely strain, different from that of every other minstrel of the woods, and chiming in at intervals with the universal chorus of wild throats, is likewise known to those who have been accustomed to walk abroad on spring *evenings*. The yellow bill and glossy black plumage of the same conspicuous bird are equally familiar to the eye of such, when he flits from hedge to tree, or across a meadow; nor less so to their ears is the chuckling call when he bolts out of a bush before the startled passenger, who has unconsciously disturbed him on his perch.

MORNING.

Golden bill! Golden bill!
Lo! the peep of day;
All the air is cool and still,
From the elm-tree on the hill,
Chant away.
While the moon drops down the west,
Like thy mate upon her nest,
And the stars before the sun
Melt like snow flakes one by one,
Let thy loud and welcome lay
Pour along,
Few notes but strong.

EVENING.

Jet bright wing! jet bright wing!
Flit across the sunset glade;
Lying there in wait to sing,
Listen, with thine head awry,
Keeping time with twinkling eye,
While, from all the woodland shade,
Birds of every plume and note
Strain the throat,
Till both hill and valley ring,
And the warbled minstrelsy,
Ebbing, flowing, like the sea,
Claims brief interludes from thee;
Then, with simple swell and fall,
Breaking beautiful through all,
Let thy pan-like pipe repeat
Few notes but sweet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Hingham Gazette.]

'Pretty, pretty!' exclaimedseveral voices in front of a student's window, as he sat over his books, on a dull, windy, and showery afternoon near the end of winter. The weather was such as usually closes the surly reign of that grim monarch, and seems to denote from its sudden and fitful character, a contest between his gloomy and shadowy retainers and the more pleasing concomitants of the slowly advancing spring. So dark and lowering was the prospect without,—the sun gleaming for a moment on the snow, which was disappearing from the hills, the clouds hurrying to and fro, now dashing a few rain drops from their bosoms, the wet road, the dripping and leafless trees, a group of moping cattle in the next barn yard, and numberless other uninteresting objects, so usual to a country town and to a winter's day,—that such an exclamation, as you may well conceive, was as singular as unexpected. What happy beings were those, so superior to the influence of external circumstances, over their feelings? The student rose to welcome his visitors. In his window stood a few flowers, his constant companions, and his humble, yet sincere friends. The yellow crocus, the purple hyacinth, the silver narcissus with its golden, nectariferous cup, of classic memory, were bending their emerald leaves and gay blossoms towards the panes. Did these precocious harbingers of spring, nursed into being by the artificial warmth, elicit the expression of truth, just uttered? A tall and stately sycamore, which had witnessed the opening and close of many a season, calling forth its 'leafy honors' and pendent blossom balls, and on whose spray those balls, now ripened into compact and woolly seeds, were springing in the wind, was the only other prominent object to attract much notice. Curious lichens were growing in their accustomed parasitic manner, on its rough trunk, interesting no doubt to a phytologist; but such indefatigable investigators into nature were rarely seen by the student; and to the incurious eye, a solitary species, and that a decidedly utilitarian one, met with any regard, being invaluable to give a permanent, rich, brown color to the homespun fabric, that product of the loom of all good and thrifty housewives, who prefer comfort to show. Besides, neither sycamores nor their parasitic friends possess much attractiveness in winter to any but those who fain would read 'sermons' even 'in stones.'

The exclamation was continued. The student looked up and down the long straight road, flanked with stiff, broomstick and mutilated young elms, in sorrowing contrast with some of their more aged and graceful brethren, whose limbs have escaped the amputating saw of an unskilful and bungling vegetable surgery.—Nought else was perceptible. Did it therefore proceed from invisible beings, fairies perchance, spirits which hover in mid-air, ministering angels, breathing to man's inward senses, better things than of earth? How long he would have thus mused, or to what height his wonder would have been carried, it is difficult to say. There was however no delusion. Presently appeared two little gentlemen of very peculiar dress and manners. They were evidently persons of great independence of character, and of a singular turn of mind, as was perceptible from the very cut of their garments. These were an odd mixture of exceedingly rich, with a more plain material, and yet so ingeniously matched and nicely made up after an inimitable style of clothing, as would have called forth the admiration of the immortal and philosophical Sartor. A light gray pair of small clothes, (*beinkleider*) tightly fitted at the knee, black and polished high boots, coat with a very sharp swallow tail, whose extreme points crossed each other, white vest, open at the bosom, to display a splendid crimson stock with its bow of the same material, and surmounting the cerebeum was a close crimson colored cap, without even so much as a tassel on its top.

Not less singular their physiognomy. The nose was a prominent member, of goodly size and proportion, so arched, especially towards its tip, as might have excited the envy of some noble born Roman, in his country's degenerate days; dark hazel eyes which would have conquered many a susceptible heart, had they constituted the effective artillery of some fine lady; and of the mouth, little must be told, touching its points of attraction, for scarcely more can be said, than that it answered the purpose of all honest mouths, to receive those eatables and drinkables too, so essential to our well-being, our happiness, our virtue.

These merry, odd fellows were thus chirping and enjoying themselves when almost every one else was as sad as the day itself. They were unconcerned spectators of the world's bustle, and careless dependants on its bounty. Nor were their lives of an idle, dissipated, or profligate character. When the labors of summer, (which season best suited their business) were over, they found themselves individuals of leisure and of ample means, who could travel in quest of adventure to distant countries. On inquiring into their private history, it was ascertained that they had sometimes been seen in England amidst distinguished company—that they were well known to the scientific men of the times—that they visited these Atlantic shores and our rock bound coasts, approaching the sea, probably for the benefit of their health, coming by land from the far north, at a season most unpropitious to most invalids.

But for whatever purpose was their present visit, it was very evident that they were intently discoursing together about something near their hearts. The writer was unable to gather any thing more from their conversation than the record just given you. He cannot ascribe the expression used, to their vanity or 'love of admiration,' as phrenologists learnedly say; for their nature and inherent modesty forbids such a supposition. They were, to be sure, originals in their way, though they seemed not aware of the fact. Nor can he think that the floral display above mentioned called forth their praise,—nor that they were cryptogamists in search of new species of the mosses,—nor in short, would any theory satisfy him so well as this, viz. that they were unconsciously perhaps (for we all of us talk to ourselves sometimes, yea, also to friends an hundred miles off,) uttering their admiration of that Creative Wisdom, the display of which is confined to no season, but beams in the sparkling dew-drops, or glitters in the crystal snow-flake.

Perhaps gentle, fair reader, you may receive a call from these distinguished travellers and real sentimentalists, and to save you some trouble of a formal and personal introduction, for they are not given to complimentary speeches, I give you their address, as the Messrs. Redpolls, junior, of the numerous and respectable Sparrow family, whose ancestral titles and lineage are to be found enrolled on the pages of several deservedly popular authors, who have written the biography of Birds. J. L. R.

The following curious article is transcribed from a London Magazine, for January, 1831.

Jewish origin of the celebrated popular legend, The House that Jack built.—As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, almost every reader who has passed his infantile days in an English nursery, recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend—'The House that Jack built.' Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me; and as it may not be uninteresting to your readers, I will furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation, as given by N. P. Leberecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23.

1 A *kid*, a *kid* my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

2 Then came the *cat*, and ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3 Then came the *dog*, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4 Then came the *staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5 Then came the *fire*, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6 Then came the *water*, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7 Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8 Then came the *butcher*, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9 Then came the *angel of death*, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That eat the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

10 Then came the *Holy One*, blessed be He!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.

The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation.

The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire, under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchs, to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the chaliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of the long expected Messiah.

THE BEGGAR AT THE BARRIER DE PASSY.

From the French.

Many years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend the Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day of the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages to my mother's house. When I happened to be early for the Diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passy, where, in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle without inquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly because I had got into the habit of doing so, and partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the diligence, I found Anthony at his usual post, exerting his lungs, and bawling incessantly his accustomed form of petition—'Fer the love of heaven bestow our alms on a poor man—Messiers, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received.'

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his exclamations into the ears of every one who came within the reach of his voice, a middle aged man of respectable appearance joined me. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, was very well dressed, and it might be seen at a glance that he was a man in good circumstances. Here was a fit subject for the beggar, who quickly made his advances, proclaiming in a loud voice his poverty, and soliciting relief. 'You need not be a beggar unless you please,' replied the gentleman, 'when you can have an income of ten thousand crowns.' 'You are pleased to jest, sir,' answered Anthony. 'By no means,' said the gentleman; 'I never was more serious in my life. Listen to me, my friend. You perceive that I am well dressed, and I tell you that I have every thing that a reasonable man need desire.' 'Ah! sir, you are a fortunate man.' 'Well, but my friend, I would not have been so if I had sat and begged as you are doing.' 'I have no other means of gaining my living.' 'Are you lame?' 'No, sir.' 'You are not blind, or deaf, and you certainly are not dumb, as every passer-by can testify. Listen: I shall tell you my history in a few words. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, I was a beggar like yourself; at length I began to see that it was very disgraceful to live on the bounty of others, and I resolved to abandon this shameful way of life as soon as I possibly could. I quitted Paris—I went into the provinces—I begged for old rags. The people were very kind to me, and in a short time I returned to Paris with a tolerably large bundle of rags of every description. I carried them to a paper maker, who bought them at a fair price. I went on collecting, until to my great joy my finances enabled me to purchase rags, so that I was no longer compelled to beg for them. At length, by diligence and industry, I became rich enough to buy an ass with two panniers, and this saved me both time and labor. My business increased, the paper makers found that I dealt honestly by them; I never palmed off bad rags for good ones; I prospered, and see the result—in place of being a poor despised beggar, I have ten thousand crowns a year, and two houses in one of the best streets in Paris. If, then, my friend, you can do no better, begin as a rag merchant, and here,' he continued, 'is a crown to set you up in your new trade; it is more than I had; and in addition, please take notice, that if I find you here another Sunday, I shall report you to the police.' On saying this, the old gentleman walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in a state of great surprise. Indeed, the beggar had been so much interested in the history he heard, that he stood with open mouth and eyes in mute astonishment, nor had he even power to solicit alms from two well dressed ladies who passed at that moment. I could not help being struck with the story, but I had no time to comment on it, as the Diligence had arrived, in which I seated myself, and pursued my way. From that period I lost sight of the beggar: whether the fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining ten thousand crowns a year, had wrought the change, I was not aware; it is sufficient to say, that from that day forward he was never seen at the Barrier.

Many years after, it happened that business called me to Tours. In strolling through the city I stepped into a bookseller's shop to purchase a new work that had made some noise. I found there, four young men, all busily employed, while a stout good looking man was giving them orders, as he walked up and down with an air of importance. I thought I had seen the face of the bookseller before, but where, I could not for a moment tell, until he spoke, and then I discovered him to be my old friend Anthony. The recognition was mutual, he grasped my hand, and led me through his shop into a well furnished parlor; he lavished every kindness on me; and, finally, gave me his history from the time we parted at the Barrier. With the crown of the stranger he began, as he had advised him, to collect rags; he made money; became the partner of a paper manufacturer; married his daughter; in short, his hopes were fulfilled; his ambition gratified, and he could now count his income at ten thousand crowns. He prayed every day for blessings on his benefactor, who had been the means of raising him from the degraded condition of a common beggar. Anthony is so convinced of the evil and sin of idleness, and of subsisting on the alms of others, that, while liberal and kind to those who are willing to work, no entreaties, no supplications, ever prevailed on him to bestow a single sous on those who would not help themselves.

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